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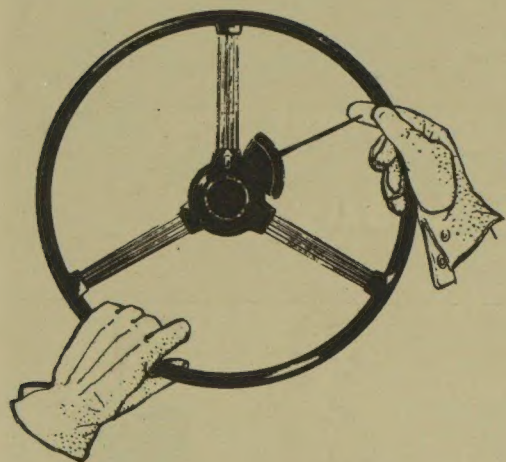
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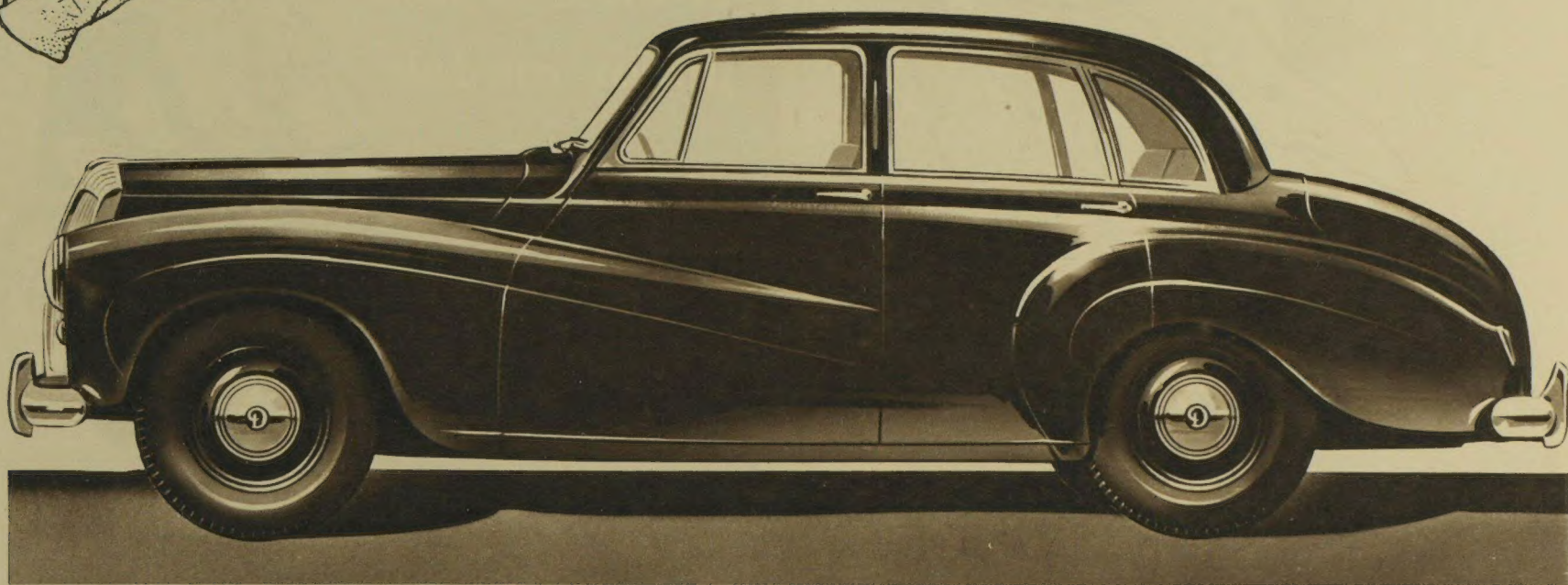
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Write today to Bureau C 10, The Daimler Co. Ltd., Coventry, for the name of your nearest dealer who will be glad to give you the enjoyment of a trial run in this thrilling car. Price £1172 plus £489.9.2 purchase tax.

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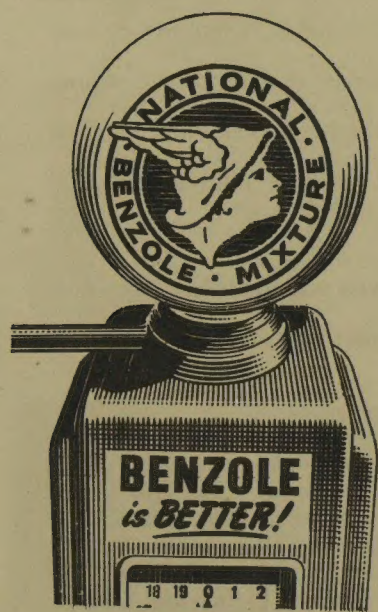


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Few men in their lifetime have more successfully established a claim to greatness than *The Right Honourable Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P.*

Throughout an illustrious public career covering more than half a century he has shown a vigour of mind and a strength and clarity of purpose unexcelled by any of his contemporaries. At a time when our fortunes in war were reeling under shocks that would have daunted a lesser spirit, his voice, his words, and his wisdom—in Parliament and over the radio—brought the nation through to its finest hour. To be a brilliant statesman would be enough for most ordinary mortals, but WINSTON CHURCHILL has somehow fitted into the pattern of his life an extraordinary range of interest and achievement . . . historian, sportsman, soldier, orator and artist.

Despite the greatness of this man and despite the debt the whole world owes to him, few of us, if the truth be told, know of Winston Churchill's background—his early days, and his kaleidoscopic career in the years leading up to the Second World War.

The life-story of WINSTON CHURCHILL makes fascinating reading.

As a tribute to him in his 80th year, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is publishing—on April 22—a special 10s. 6d. Record Number in his honour, telling the story of his life from babyhood until the present day. It is a full, graphic and revealing account and includes photographs that have not been published before.

As the demand is likely to be heavy we advise you to avoid disappointment by placing an order with your regular bookstall or newsagent at once, price ten shillings and sixpence.



Special notice with regard to copies to be dispatched overseas: copies of the Winston Churchill Special Record Number of "The Illustrated London News" can be sent to any part of the world, price 12s. 6d. per copy, including postage, packed in a special cardboard container. Orders can be placed with your usual supplier or with The Publisher, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

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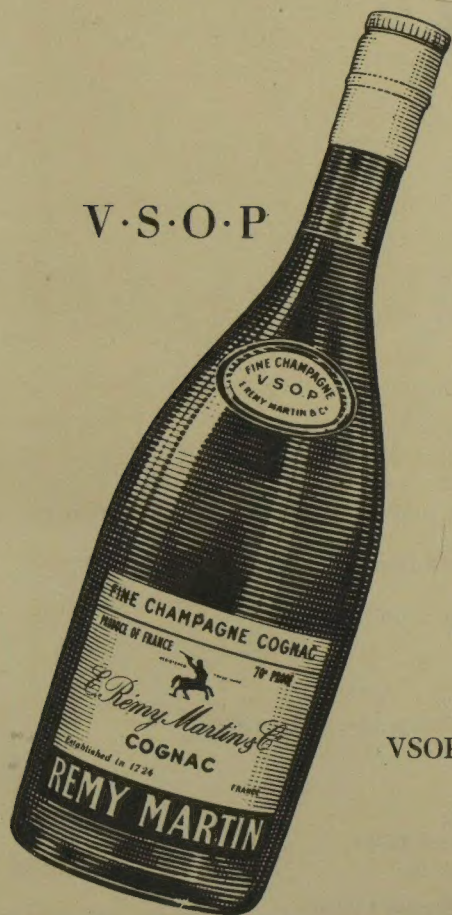
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SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1954.



A HELICOPTER AS A LIFEBOAT: THE RESCUE BY AIR OF PASSENGERS FROM THE SWEDISH MOTOR VESSEL DALSLAND (2720 TONS) AFTER SHE HAD RUN AGROUND NEAR CASABLANCA IN ROUGH SEAS.

A helicopter was successfully used to take passengers and some members of the crew off the Swedish motor-vessel *Dalsland* (2720 tons; built in 1932) after she had run aground at Roche Noire, about a mile from Casablanca. Rough seas did not allow rescue vessels to approach the *Dalsland*, which, in addition to the crew of thirty-two, was carrying the captain's wife and young son of six, and a

boy of sixteen. It was reported on April 3 that the ship was being severely pounded by great seas and was in danger; and on April 4 it was announced that the passengers and thirteen of the crew had been taken off by helicopter; and that the captain and the remainder of the crew were remaining on board in the hope of better weather allowing rescue operations to be undertaken.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WE are a bewildering people. I will not go so far as to suggest that we are crazy, but there are times when it must be difficult for our neighbours, and most of all our friends, not to imagine that we are. Take, for instance, our extraordinary reaction to the news of the American hydrogen-bomb explosions in the Pacific. For the past year or so, following the news of the Russian atom-bomb explosions in Siberia and a Soviet claim that Russian scientists had exploded a hydrogen bomb, we have been living in extreme danger. The danger consisted in the possibility—caused partly by our almost incredible casualness and that of our rulers in the immediate post-war years towards security risks and the importance of being sure of the patriotic feelings of those to whom we entrusted our

secrets—that the ascendancy in military atomic power might pass from the United States to the Soviet Union. This possibility—one which, if realised, would not only make atomic war in the near future virtually certain, but would almost undoubtedly result in the destruction of the over-populated cities of this small and congested industrial country—caused the bulk of our people not the slightest apprehension. No protests were raised about the Soviet experiments with this terrible new weapon of mass destruction, nor was any fear expressed in Press or radio as to the probable fate in store for us if these experiments proved successful. Yet the moment our ally—the ally without whose aid victory in the last war would have been impossible and defeat almost certain—carried out two successful experiments with this terrifying weapon, half, or more than half the British Press and a powerful section of our representatives in Parliament made an outcry as though some great crime against humanity had been committed by American statesmen, scientists and airmen. The truth of the matter was that, as a result of the triumphant achievement of American scientists working against urgent time, the threat that had been hanging over us for many months past had suddenly been lifted. Our safety has not been ensured—a nation so vulnerable as we now are and must remain unless we disperse our unbalanced and overcrowded population—cannot expect to enjoy absolute safety. But we are far safer than we have been of late. We have once more been given a breathing-space. To complain about it seems not only monstrous ingratitude, but an obtuseness so signal as to seem, to anyone not used to our intellectual vagaries, quite incredible.

We are not, of course, really such blockheads as we appear. We are right in our abhorrence of this dreadful weapon and our realisation of its appalling capacity to destroy civilisation. Nor, when it comes to the point—as history has proved again and again—are we a race of squealers or quitters. We are probably as capable of enduring atomic bombing as any people on earth, and should probably show under it, because of our long island history, a degree of social cohesion that, if we survived at all, would surprise both our friends and foes. Yet, as a result of centuries of immunity from invasion, we have developed a curious and baffling habit of often pretending that things are other than what they are and to work ourselves up into a belief—that an accident to the creature—a miscalculation by American atom-menace to humanity, its safety and cruelty and tyranny that at this very moment is threatening the lives of the most sensitive men and women to a living hell—the Soviet Union. No American statesman, no Russian, no Chinese, no Jewish people of Russia or any other country, no responsible Englishman, whatever he

of make-believe, seriously suppose such a thing. But Russian statesmen consistently subject, and for a quarter of a century have subjected, all who oppose them and are at their mercy to a fate every whit as terrible as that of being atomised. What is more, given the monopoly by Russia of a weapon such as the United States now enjoys, they would be in a position to subject us too to that fate. Who that is honest with himself can but fear that under such circumstances they would do so?

The hydrogen bomb is not part of a game-of-make-believe. It is a reality possessed by an ally and very possibly by a ruthless foe to all the beliefs and cherished freedoms in which we believe who is deterred from unprovoked violence and oppression by none of the moral dictates of Christian conscience. It is capable of inflicting destruction, suffering and loss on this country greater than any that its people have known since the Black Death of 1349, and probably far greater even than that. It is, therefore, exceedingly important that we should assess it and its potentialities in as clear-headed, calm and objective a way as possible. It demands, as much as any danger that has ever faced us, the traditional British response to danger of "Steady, boys, steady!" The question we have to decide and act on, not as a divided but as a united nation, is what are the possible defences, material and moral, to this horrifying but very real menace. On the material side there are at present only two. One is the deterrent to its use provided by our known ability or that of our American ally to retaliate against its use instantaneously with the same terrible weapon. The other is the obvious remedy of redistributing part of the overcrowded population of this small and now intensely vulnerable island among the vast under-populated countries of the Commonwealth. As, however, from our Prime Minister downwards we have deliberately closed our eyes to this possibility, declaring it—because it is exceedingly difficult—to be impossible physically and economically, we are left for the moment with no other defence but the possession and development by the United States of the hydrogen bomb, and of any still more destructive deterrents that that nation's scientists and our own may contrive to discover. That we should also endeavour by every possible means to bridge the immense moral gap which divides our liberty-loving, violence-hating people from the leaders of Soviet Russia is both common sense and Christian precept. But it is futile to pretend that the gap does not exist or that it can be bridged by our enunciation of pious sentiments. For a quarter of a century the Soviet leaders have been proving by word and deed their contempt for and imperviousness to such sentiments.

There is one other point—the moral one. The hydrogen bomb has done nothing whatever to increase the certainty of ultimate death that faces every one of us. It has not even increased, so far as we can judge, the pains of death, since it seems possible and even probable that most of those who would die under its terrible impact would do so, because of its suddenness, with less attendant fear and suffering than death by natural causes. Its invention may have changed the nature of death, but it has not changed the fact of death. It remains, in all its stark inescapability, merely reminded us of it and, as it were, made us more conscious of ourselves, if we choose—as we have to choose—between the sword and gun—rather more speedily than we could have been by the processes of nature and time. The hydrogen bomb, though its threat to our civilisation is enormous, is not a new phenomenon. It is as old as death itself.

than under many other forms of death. Its invention may have changed our national and international situation, but it has not changed the fundamental human situation. That remains, in all its stark inescapability, as before. The hydrogen bomb has merely reminded us of it and, as it were, underlined it. We can destroy ourselves, if we choose—as we have always been able to do, by tooth, hand, sword and gun—rather more speedily than by awaiting eventual dissolution by the processes of nature and time. In this more profound sense, terrible though its threat to our civilisation and national existence, the hydrogen bomb is not a new phenomenon. So far as the individual is concerned, it is as old as death itself.

THE 6000TH ISSUE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



No. 1.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1842

[SEXTENCE]

OUR ADDRESS

In presenting the first number of the *REVISED LONDON NEWS* to the British public, we would fain state a grateful acknowledgment to the friends of the cause, who have so graciously vouchsafed to our many efforts for their benefit, and our own, the support of so many agents. In plain language, we do not produce this paper, for the sake of a few pence, or a few shillings, but for the good feeling that we shall be prepared the presumption, that the first quality by reducing the operations of the last. For the sake of the progress of illustrative art, and the vast resources which it has wrought in the world of publication, through the medium of periodical literature, it has given an impetus and rapidity almost unparalleled with the gigantic power of steam. It has not only increased the number of the organs of the press, but has rendered them more useful and salutary. It has in its item adorned, gifted, refined, and interpreted nearly every form of thought. It has made permanent history. It has set up fresh land-marks of poetry, given stronger pungency to satire, and supplied out of the familiar intelligence than it ever before allowed. At—art was forced to the front, and the present and the future, and the past, and the great progress has taken her in its hand; and popularity has been the longer they are its own.

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The public will have to benefit under their glance, and within their grasp, the very form and presence of events as they transpire, in all their substantial reality, and with existence visible as well as immaterial. And whether the benevolent and palpable depictions of woe, expanding as be ought to achieve, will now be brought to bear upon every subject which attracts the attention of mankind, with a spirit in manner new to the character of such subject, whether it be serious or ludicrous, trivial or of purpose grave.

And, reader, let us upon something of the detail of this generalization to your view. Begin, *par exemple*, with the high-toned opinion of newspaper literature—the Political. Why, what field? If we are strong in the creed that we adopt—if we are honest, as we pledge ourselves to be—in the purpose that

maintain—how say the land nucleoli, bone, and silver to the time taken and the cause expensed, by bringing to bear upon opinion, a whole battery of vigorous illustrations. When "H. R." does send the vacillations of parties, without an attempt at any kind of analysis, and therefore with double effect, to the consideration of the public mind, it is not only a public measure will afford—your Poor-Laws—your Com-laws—your Factory Laws—your Income-taxes! Look at the field of public posture presented in your House of Legislature, and, interesting to every constituency in the land. One, and the same, sort of law, your criminal tribunals—your civil courts—your public officers—your private individuals—all the plumb and marrow of the law, are to be seen, and have it loudly for ever, with points of force, of ridicule, of character, or of crime; and if the pen be ever led into fallacious argument, the pencil must at least be unscrupulous with

In the world of diplomacy, in the architecture of foreign policy, we can give you every tick of the great labeled theodometer, and we can make you feel as if you were in the car. Then shall all its implements, its instruments, its facts be spread upon our page. The literature—the enormous literature—of the institutions and localities of other lands shall be brought before you with spirit, with fidelity, and, we hope, with direction and taste. Is there want shall all its seat and accoutrements be laid naked before the eye. No censors—no telegraph—no cinema viaggiatore—no overland mail, shall bring in ignorance and error. You shall not be misled by industry, and illustrated with skill in the use of this journal, and whither the cowardice of China or the treachery of Afghanistan may threaten your absence or resentment, you shall at least have as much historical detail of both as, while it gratifies general curiosity, shall minister to the natural anxieties of those who have friends and relations amid the scenes

Take another fruitful branch of illustration, the pleasures of the people!—their theatres, their concerts, their galls, their races, and their fairs! Again, the pleasures of the aristocracy—their court festivals, their *bal masques*, their levees, their drawing-rooms—the complexion of their grandeur and the circumstance of all their pomp!

In literature, a truly beautiful arena will be entered upon for we shall not only, in most instances, have the opportunity

View of the Vanlapeau.

of illustrating our own visions, but of borrowing selection from the illustrations of the numerous works which the press is daily pouring forth, an elaborately embellished with wood cuts in the highest style of art.

In the field of knowledge, we must let the future speak, and not let a clip magazine in the wing. We have perhaps said enough, without condescending to the littlest of too much detail, to mark the general outline of our design; and we trust to the kindness and intelligence of our readers to imagine for us a great deal more than we have been able to crowd into the compass of an introductory book. Moreover, we would strongly press upon our contributors the necessity of writing in a popular rather than a technical style, and assure our volunteers of these, that wherever there seems a possibility of acting upon them creditably, that course shall be taken with promptitude, vigor,

Here we make our best, determined to pursue our great experiment with boldness; to associate its principle with a purity of tone that may secure and hold fast for our journal the favor and patronage of families; to seek in its pages to uphold the great cause of public morality; to keep continually before the eyes of the world a living and moving panorama of all its actions and influences; and to withhold from society no points that its literature can furnish or its art adorn, so long as the claims of that literature, and the spirit of that art, can be made to contribute to the improvement and comfort of the human race. We are, Sir, the obedient servants and the uncompromising adherents of the Editors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

By the arrival of the General Steam Navigation Company's boat Caledonia, off the Tower, on Tuesday evening, news has

been brought of an immense conflagration which took place on Thursday morning, the 5th instant, at one o'clock, in that city. The district in which the fire broke out consists entirely of wood tenements, chiefly of five and six stories high, and covering an area of ground of about thirty to forty acres. The whole of the buildings on this large space have been totally consumed to the number of more than 1000. The fire was by some

thought to have originated in the street known by the name of the Stein Twitz, in the warehouse of a Jew, named Colpe, a cigar manufacturer, and who, upon good grounds, has been taken up on suspicion as the incendiary. The wind at the time blew a stout north-wester, causing the flames rapidly to spread and proceeding in the direction of Roding's-market, and from thence to Deich-street, entirely consuming the whole of the following streets, among which is the Hoppen market, and the

Nicholas Church, a fine stone fabric, and the hand-sound in
Hamburg. Gratz Twite, Cresson (back and end); Grasse
Borstah, Mühlen Brücke, Alte Borse, Bohlen Strasse, Monke



LOOKING BACKWARDS AS WE REACH OUR 6000TH ISSUE: THE FIRST PAGE OF THE FIRST
NUMBER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," DATED SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1842.

On the eve of our 112th birthday we reach with this issue—No. 6000—yet another milestone in our history. Issue No. 1 of the world's first illustrated newspaper, *The Illustrated London News*, was published on Saturday, May 14, 1842, and it has since mirrored the world events of six reigns. The founder of the paper was Herbert Ingram, whose grandson is and has been the Editor for fifty-four years. Since June 1951 we have been back in our original home at 198, Strand, on the site of the office in which Issue No. 1 first saw the light of day. The front page of our first issue can be seen above; beneath a wood-cut of our now famous heading there appears a résumé of the founder's hopes and aims, which ends with the words: "Here we make our bow, determined to pursue our great experiment with boldness; to associate its principle with a purity of tone that may secure and hold fast for our journal the fearless patronage of families; to seek in all things to uphold the great cause of public morality; to keep continually before the eye of the world a living and moving panorama of all its actions and influences; and to withhold from society no point that its literature can furnish or its art adorn, so long as the genius of that literature, and the spirit of that art, can be brought within the reach and compass of the Editors of *The Illustrated London News*!" Looking back over the years, it is our confident belief that we have carried out those precepts to the present day.



View of the Underside of the City of Montreal



INAUGURATING A NEW COLLIERY AT COTGRAVE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE: PRINCESS MARGARET, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, CUTTING THE FIRST TURF ON THE SITE. VILLAGERS AND OTHERS CHEERED AS HER ROYAL HIGHNESS NAMED THE COLLIERY AND WISHED GOOD FORTUNE TO THE VENTURE.



CARRYING A SAFETY HELMET AND DRESSED IN WHITE OVERALLS: PRINCESS MARGARET RETURNING AFTER DESCENDING THE PIT AT CALVERTON COLLIERY ON APRIL 7.



RECEIVING A SOUVENIR MINER'S LAMP FROM MR. A. HILL, AN AREA GENERAL MANAGER: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO CUT COAL 1600 FT. BELOW GROUND.

AN UNUSUAL ROYAL OCCASION: PRINCESS MARGARET GOES DOWN A MINE; AND INAUGURATES A NEW COLLIERY.

On April 7 Princess Margaret went down a coal-mine at Calverton Colliery, near Nottingham, which is said to be one of the most modern pits in Europe. Dressed in white overalls and wearing a safety helmet over a head-scarf, her Royal Highness descended the 1680-ft. shaft in a 40-m.p.h. cage and returned almost an hour later. At the 4-ft. pit-face she crouched almost double as Mr. Alan Hill, No. 6 area general manager, explained the working of the conveyer-belts and the electrically driven coal-cutting machine. Grasping a miner's pick, the Princess

cut a lump of coal which she kept as a souvenir. Earlier in the day Princess Margaret, who had flown from London in an aircraft of The Queen's Flight, inaugurated a new colliery at Cotgrave, Nottinghamshire, by cutting the first turf on the site. This colliery will eventually have an annual output of 1,250,000 tons and employ 2300 men. As Princess Margaret said: "I name it Cotgrave Colliery, and I wish good fortune to the venture and to all connected with it," the watching officials, villagers and schoolchildren all cheered loudly.



HELP FROM THE AIR, IN THE BAGHDAD FLOODS: VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER, MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN,

In the last week of March Baghdad and the central Mesopotamian plain were assailed by severe floods from the waters of the Rivers Tigris and Diyala; and on March 28 it was officially estimated that about 1,250,000 acres of land in the central Tigris basin had been flooded; and on the previous day the level of the Tigris stood at 117 ft., a height 7 ins. greater than any previously recorded. The actual threat to the great city of Baghdad, which relies for its protection

on artificial earthworks (which collapsed in 1831), was averted by making breaches in the bunds containing the Rivers Tigris and Diyala; but this, while successful in its primary purpose, flooded a huge area to the east of the city; and had the effect of making it into an island, lying between the flooded Tigris on the west and a vast lake of floodwaters on the east. The railway to Kirkuk and north-east Iraq was cut on March 25; and all main roads from Baghdad were cut by floods



RACING ALONG A CAUSEWAY BETWEEN THE WATERS TO COLLECT SUPPLIES DROPPED BY HELICOPTER.

except that to the west, which starts on the west bank of the Tigris, and many other roads in central and northern Iraq were out of action. Damage to property has been on a very great scale and thousands of people have been made homeless, but owing to well-executed evacuation plans and control of the various breaches in the bunds, the loss of life has been very small. Help in the way of supplies, tents and sandbags has been given by Great Britain and by United

Nations and, as can be seen in our photograph, U.S. Air Force helicopters were used in dropping supplies to isolated victims. After a fall in the waters, heavy rain fell in Turkey and North Iraq on April 2-3, the Tigris again rose, and by the night of April 4 it had again reached 115 ft. and was still rising. Relief funds have already been opened, the Iraq Finance Ministry making a first instalment of £20,000; and the Iraq Petroleum Company have contributed £40,000.

THE REBIRTH OF MONTE CASSINO.



THE ABBEY OF MONTE CASSINO AS IT WAS TEN YEARS AGO; AFTER THE ALLIED AIR RAID WHEN 450 TONS OF BOMBS WERE DROPPED ON THE HILL-TOP ABBEY BUILDINGS.



THE ABBEY OF MONTE CASSINO AS IT IS TO-DAY; WITH THE SCARS OF WAR REMOVED, AND THE WORK OF RECONSTRUCTION STILL INCOMPLETE BUT IN STEADY PROGRESS.



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE ABBEY OF MONTE CASSINO ON TO THE REBUILT TOWN OF CASSINO, WHOSE RECONSTRUCTION WAS MARKED BY A VISIT OF THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT ON APRIL 4.

On April 4 President Einaudi of Italy visited Cassino on the tenth anniversary of the town's destruction in the bitter fighting of 1944, and opened the new town hall and post office in a ceremony symbolical of the town's recovery. After this ceremony a blessing was given by the Abbot of Monte Cassino, which stands above the town and was destroyed at the same time. Reconstruction has also gone steadily forward in the Abbey, although it is not yet complete, and its treasures and records have been brought back from Rome, where they had been in safe keeping. The town itself is now almost completely rebuilt; and its population has reached about two-thirds of its pre-war figure of about 40,000. The reconstruction of the Abbey will, it is thought, take about another year to finish.

BAGHDAD SURROUNDED BY FLOODS.

Elsewhere in this issue (on pages 606-607) the general story of the disastrous Baghdad floods is told. At the date of writing the Tigris, after a brief fall, was again rising, following heavy rains in Turkey and North Iraq; and the safety of the city of Baghdad itself was still threatened. The city was then lying on an island between the Tigris and a great lake of flood water; but the main bund was still holding. Industrial settlements outside the bund, like Tel Mohammed and New Baghdad, had been evacuated. It was feared that if the main bund was breached (as it was in 1831) much of the city, largely built of mud-brick, would face almost complete destruction. The Euphrates was also rising and some flooding was expected from its waters, but it is hoped that this can be controlled by means of the Lake Habbaniyah flood escape scheme, the first of the major schemes of water control ready for use. By April 7 R.A.F. aircraft had flown in half-a-million sandbags from the Suez Canal Zone.



THE TEL MOHAMMED AND NEW BAGHDAD WORKERS' SUBURBS OF BAGHDAD, INVADDED BY FLOOD WATERS, AFTER THEIR EVACUATION FOLLOWING BREACHES IN THE BUND.



TITIFUL TEMPORARY SHELTERS UNDER A RAILWAY BRIDGE AT BAGHDAD: OVERHEAD A TRAIN CARRIES LOADS OF EARTH TO REINFORCE THE MAIN BUND.

THE QUEEN LEAVES AUSTRALIA : SCENES AS S.S. GOTHIC LEFT FREMANTLE, AND AN UNUSUAL TRIBUTE TO HER MAJESTY.

"WILL YE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?": THE BAND PLAYING AND PEOPLE CHEERING AS THE LINER *GOTHIC*, WITH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ON BOARD, LEFT FREMANTLE.



AN UNUSUAL TRIBUTE TO HER MAJESTY: THE QUEEN'S SIGNATURE FORMED BY OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF *VENGEANCE*. THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER WAS ESCORTING *GOTHIC* TO THE COCOS-KEELING ISLANDS AT THE TIME AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE "SIGNATURE," TAKEN FROM A HELICOPTER, WERE DEVELOPED AND PRINTED AND THEN DROPPED ON *S.S. GOTHIC* FOR THE QUEEN TO SEE. (Radio photograph.)



THE QUEEN ENDS HER TOUR OF AUSTRALIA: THE *GOTHIC*, ESCORTED BY A TUG AND NUMEROUS SMALL VESSELS, LEAVING FREMANTLE HARBOUR ON APRIL 1.

The Royal tour of Australia ended on April 1, when the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, sailed from Fremantle in the *Gothic*. As the liner left the wharf, aircraft roared overhead, bands played and every ship in harbour sounded a siren. Earlier the Queen and the Duke had made their official farewells to Field Marshal Sir William Slim, the Governor-General, and Lady Slim and others, and had embarked in the *Gothic* to the sound of cheers intermingled with

shouts of "Come back soon!" As the *Gothic* headed seawards scores of motor-cruisers cast off and began to accompany her to the North Mole, a last vantage-point where people had been waiting for many hours to wave farewell. Soon after the liner had sailed, the Queen made her farewell broadcast in which she spoke of the "two very happy months" which she and the Duke had spent in Australia and expressed her gratitude to all those concerned.

MR. ATTLEE TELLS HIS STORY.

"AS IT HAPPENED"; By C. R. ATTLEE, P.C., O.M., C.H.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"AS IT HAPPENED" is Mr. Attlee's apt title, and in his last sentence he says that he has been very fortunate "in having been given the opportunity of serving in a state of life to which I had never expected to be called." To suggest that he "drifted" into the Premiership would wrongly imply a lack of energy and application on his part. But it certainly "happened" to him rather than being sought by him. Before the 1914 war he passed respectably through his public school and Oxford; where, as he says, "there was little apprehension of the troubles that lay ahead when civilisation enshrined in Oxford was to be assailed by the barbarians—Hitler and Stalin." At Oxford, where he was vaguely a Conservative, "I certainly gave no real thought to social problems and I had no political ambitions." He began eating dinners at the Inner Temple with a view to being called to the Bar. "It seemed a fairly obvious course to take. My father was a solicitor, and, therefore, I might look to some help at the start." In 1906 he was called to the Bar, and then something happened which governed his whole future. Haileybury ran a boys' club in the East End; he visited it; he got into the habit of visiting it; he was struck by the quiet heroism of the mean streets. "From this it was only a step to examining the whole basis of our social and economic system. I soon began to realise the curse of casual labour. I got to know what slum landlordism and sweating meant. I understood why the Poor Law was so hated. I learned also why there were rebels." The result was that he and his brother decided that they were Socialists: jumping to the conclusion, like many generous of those and later days, that the remedy of Society's economic and ethical ills was "the nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange"—in other words, wholesale State Capitalism, which they have now in Russia and of which we have been given instalments.

Thereafter, for years, the East End was his headquarters. He campaigned for the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission; he became a school-manager; and then he took the secretaryship of Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel; and then he became an "official explainer" of the Lloyd George National Insurance Act of 1911. After that he resumed Socialist propaganda in the East End. Twice he stood for the Stepney Borough Council, and twice for the Limehouse Board of Guardians; and each time he failed.



MR. CLEMENT RICHARD ATTLEE AS A BOY.

evacuation and then went farther East. On the way out to Mesopotamia he played bridge with "a very cheery old gunner colonel" who described him to his Commanding Officer as "A charmin' feller, just going to play Bridge with him, but a damned democratic, socialistic, tub-thumping rascal." In Mesopotamia he was wounded; then he had a year with the Tanks, was promoted Major, and went back to France with the infantry, and when the Armistice came was in hospital in England.

He was now thirty-five, and had not yet succeeded in getting elected to the Stepney Borough Council—a somewhat slower beginning than that of his predecessor and successor as Prime Minister. But he settled down now as resident and Labour politician in Stepney. The Labour wave, which ultimately was to carry him to the top like a cork, had begun; the 1919 local elections swept his "comrades" into local power, and they co-opted him as Mayor. He worked hard about housing and unemployment; lectured on Social Service at the School of Economics; in 1922 he married and, in the autumn, was elected M.P. for Limehouse, his party reaching the House 142 strong.

His story thereafter centres mainly around national politics, and the House in particular. Mr. Attlee summarises familiar events briefly, not very vividly and, as a rule, without heat. His one outburst is against Ramsay MacDonald, the only Labour man except himself to have been Prime Minister as yet. He takes the conventional line that during the economic crisis of 1931 MacDonald let the Party down, refusing even to consider the fact that the alternative may have been to let the country down. "I was summoned to Downing Street, where were assembled all the members of the Government outside the Cabinet. MacDonald informed us that the Labour Government was at an end and that he, with Philip Snowden, J. H. Thomas and Lord Sankey, were going into a Coalition Government of which he was to be the head. He said that this was only a temporary measure. He did not wish any of us to join and said that there would certainly not be a 'coupon' General Election. He would soon be back with us. These remarks were received with scepticism by those who knew him best. Having already distributed the offices in the new Government, he would have been embarrassed if any Labour Ministers had wished to join, though this did not prevent him in the future from denouncing them for deserting him."

Mr. Attlee had hitherto regarded MacDonald as a great leader with "great oratorical power"; in point of fact he was a demagogue with impressive vehemence and a profile, who, in the House, was usually so incoherent that over forty years ago Harold Cox described him as "a Scotch mist." But to Mr. Attlee's thinking he changed. "I had not appreciated his defects until he took office a second time. I then realised his reluctance to take positive action and noted with dismay his increasing vanity and snobbery, while his habit of telling me, a junior Minister, the poor opinion he had of all his Cabinet colleagues made an unpleasant impression. I had not, however, expected that he would perpetrate the greatest betrayal in the political history of this country. I had realised that Snowden had become a

docile disciple of orthodox finance, but I had not thought him capable of such virulent hatred of those who had served him loyally. The shock to the Party was very great, especially to the loyal workers of the rank-and-file who had made great sacrifices for these men."

Another shock followed—at the ensuing election the Labour Party was reduced from 287 members to forty-six. One result was that George Lansbury (the only ex-Cabinet Minister returned) was made Leader of the Opposition, and Mr. Attlee, Deputy Leader. Lansbury, Mr. Attlee says, was rather "an evangelist than a Parliamentary tactician"; somebody else, long ago, described him as "'ead of gold and 'eart of fevvers." He couldn't last; and when the Abyssinian crisis came and there was a split over pacifism, Mr. Attlee succeeded him. There was nobody else; and he has retained the leadership ever since.

Should he become Prime Minister again he gives us a hint as to what to expect. Governments, he says, have no right to revoke the Acts of their predecessors; once an industry has been nationalised it should stay nationalised. This would evidently mean that every time the familiar pendulum swung a Labour Government in, another block of industries would be taken over (at the

buyer's price) until one day the people would wake up in an entirely Socialist State, the nature of which the mass of them had never envisaged and against which they had (if there is anything in elections) frequently voted. Such reversals of economic policy may be dangerous, Mr. Attlee



THE RT. HON. C. R. ATTLEE, WHOSE AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

The Rt. Hon. Clement Richard Attlee was born on January 3, 1883, being the seventh child and fourth son of a solicitor. He was educated at Haileybury and University College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1906. After serving in World War I, he was the first Labour Mayor of Stepney in 1919 and 1920. Since then he has held many important Ministerial appointments and was Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury from 1945-51.



MR. ATTLEE AS MAYOR OF STEPNEY, HIS FIRST PUBLIC OFFICE, 1919.



A FAMILY GROUP: MR. ATTLEE WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR DAUGHTERS JANET, FELICITY AND ALISON, AND THEIR SON, MARTIN.

Then—he was thirty-one—the Kaiser's War broke out, and (having had experience commanding cadets) he was commissioned in the South Lancashire Regiment. He served in Gallipoli, of which he might have said more; was invalided and returned, was at the

realised his reluctance to take positive action and noted with dismay his increasing vanity and snobbery, while his habit of telling me, a junior Minister, the poor opinion he had of all his Cabinet colleagues made an unpleasant impression. I had not, however, expected that he would perpetrate the greatest betrayal in the political history of this country. I had realised that Snowden had become a



IN NOVEMBER 1945: MR. ATTLEE WITH PRESIDENT TRUMAN AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WHEN THEY DISCUSSED ATOMIC BOMB CONTROL.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "As It Happened"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Heinemann.

claims, especially when they are "not based on the national needs but merely on the ideological prejudices of a Party."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 634 of this issue.



DUE TO BE VISITED BY HER MAJESTY ON EASTER MONDAY (APRIL 19) : THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH AT KANDY, SHOWING PILGRIMS PASSING FROM THE MAIN GATEWAY TOWARDS THE OCTAGONAL LIBRARY, TO THE SOUND OF DRUMS AND PIPES.

Kandy, the sacred city of Ceylon, lies in the heart of the island, seventy-two miles from Colombo, in a cup of the hills, at a height of 1600 ft. ; and it is here, in the Dalada Maligawa, that Ceylon's most sacred relic, the Tooth of Gautama, is preserved in its casket. Every year in July-August takes place the great festival of Perahera, when the Casket of the Tooth is taken in procession by a string of fifty richly-caparisoned elephants, during festivities which last some twelve days. During the Queen's visit to Kandy (April 19-20), a one-day

Perahera is being staged which the Queen will witness from the Pathripuwa, the Octagonal Library of the shrine, which can be seen in the centre of the drawing. As the visitor approaches the Temple he hears the sound of almost incessant piping and drumming—an accompaniment to the shuffling feet of the worshippers as they pass through the main gateway (on the right) in an almost endless line and pass under the bridge which fronts the Octagonal Library and mount the steps into the dimly-lit Temple.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE CLOCK TOWER, CHATHAM STREET, COLOMBO: THE CENTRE OF A SHOPPING DISTRICT FREQUENTED BY THE RICHER ORIENTAL RESIDENTS AND PURCHASERS OF FINE SAREES.



THE GREAT MULIGAWA TUSKER ELEPHANT, RICHLV CAPARISONED AND BEARING THE CASKET OF THE TOOTH IN THE PERAHERA PROCESSION OF FIFTY ELEPHANTS.



THE TEMPLE ELEPHANTS OF KANDY TAKE THEIR AFTERNOON BATH AT KATUGASTOTA, WHILE THEIR MAHOUTS GO OVER THEM WITH WOODEN SCRAPERS: A POPULAR TOURIST SIGHT.

FACETS OF THE ROYAL TOUR IN CEYLON: SOME ASPECTS OF THE LOVELY

The programme of the Queen's visit to Ceylon, which was due to begin last Saturday (April 10) and to conclude next Wednesday (April 21), was to begin with four days in the capital, Colombo, and to continue with single days at Polonnaruwa, the ancient capital of Parakrama Bahu I, and Sigiriya, where Kassapa built his "pleasure dome" on the summit of the Rock of Sigiri. Next were to follow three days at Nuwara Eliya, where she would attend Divine Service on Good Friday and Easter Sunday. On April 19 and 20 the past and the future

of Ceylon were to be epitomised in visits to the sacred Temple of the Tooth at Kandy and to the new University of Ceylon at near-by Peradeniya. The next day was to be marked by an inspection of troops on Galle Face Green and an investiture at the Queen's House, followed by the Queen's embarkation in *Gothic* and departure from Ceylon. In our issue of April 3 we published an article on the Rock of Sigiri by Dr. S. Paranavitana, the Archaeological Commissioner of Ceylon; and here and on page 611 we publish sidelights by our artist,

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED



"THE BRIGHTON OF CEYLON": MOUNT LAVINIA, A LOVELY AND POPULAR SEASIDE RESORT NOT FAR FROM COLOMBO, WITH A MODERN HOTEL AND A FLOURISHING FISHING INDUSTRY.



THE SEATED BUDDHA, ONE OF THE THREE GREAT ROCK STATUES OF THE GAL VIHARE, POLONNARUWA. DATING FROM THE TENTH CENTURY AND CARVED FROM THE LIVING GRANITE.

ISLAND DOMINION WHICH ILLUSTRATE ITS VIVID PRESENT AND ITS LIVING PAST.

Bryan de Grineau, on the extraordinarily rich and varied beauty with which Ceylon can enchant the Royal visitors. Colombo is, of course, a great Oriental port, which has largely grown up in the last hundred years and is variously called the "Cross-roads of Asia" and the "Gateway to the Orient," and at the southern end of "greater Colombo" lies the tourist resort of Mount Lavinia, which has grown up around the old Governor's House of 1824. Nuwara Eliya is also in essence a modern town, a typically English hill-station town, with churches and

gardens full of English flowers; but Polonnaruwa, Sigiriya and, of course, Kandy, are ancient capitals—the two former ruined cities, the latter the living centre of Ceylonese Buddhism and the shrine of the Tooth of Gautama and the scene of the world-famous Perahera Festival. Near to Kandy, and also to be visited by the Queen, is Peradeniya, where the new University buildings, planned under the supervision of Sir Patrick Abercrombie, have grown since the laying of the foundation-stone of the Convocation Hall by the Duke of Gloucester in 1948.

LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



ROMAN LONDON 1800 YEARS AGO; RECONSTRUCTED TO SHOW THE CITY BETWEEN WALBROOK

The wartime bombs of London presented archaeologists with an opportunity (to which reference has been made on a number of occasions in these pages) to explore at comparative leisure the remains of the earlier city which are still visible in the ruins of the later. The archaeological work has, however, not always been made as easy as it might have been. There have been many difficulties, but the Roman and Medieval London Excavation Company, the body created to sponsor work in the bombed areas, has succeeded, in spite of the difficulties, in carrying out a considerable amount of work on the city's past. The investigations have received enlightened support from the Bank of England and from other city institutions and in particular from the Ministry of Works. The Ministry of Works, in the handling of the excavations, has the recognition of what has come to be known as the Cripplegate, the former eastern gateway to the city which was established by investigations spread over several years in the north-eastern part of the city. The investigation of the Roman defences revealed a series of important differences in construction between the Roman and the

natures recorded on many occasions elsewhere, and it was in following up these differences that the outline of the fort-wall was gradually revealed. It encloses an area about 250 by 230 yards, or roughly 11 acres, which is unusually large for a Roman fort. The excavations have shown that there can be no doubt, as a military and official base and depot for the chief city of Roman Britain. The drawing shows it reconstructed on the lines normally followed by the Romans, and the plan shows the actual remains. It is probable that the greater part of its interior has already been destroyed. The evidence suggests that the fort was built towards the end of the first century A.D., and the drawing gives an impression of the appearance it might have had at that time. The general site, which is little more than a grassy field, was recovered from the devastation of Boscella's rebellion in A.D. 61. At this period the main area of settlement was still probably on the eastern side of the fort, and the site of the present village of Boscella was then struggling development to the west, in the direction of the



AND FLEET. AND THE CRIPPLEGATE FORT. (INSET) THE SITE ON A PLAN OF MODERN LONDON.

[illegible]

BERGEN was an old friend. I believe I should have felt at home there even if I had not visited it before. I had not visited Stavanger before, but there the atmosphere was the same. It was not only charming hospitality, the most memorable feature of which was a luncheon party at a beautiful old house on an island, reached in a few minutes by ferry-boat. It was also that Britons and Norwegians get on well naturally. Norway, however, has local as well as national forms of patriotism, and the westerners particularise on this point. They tell you that they are a community which has not just begun to look westward, but has always done so, whereas the Oslo region has looked rather to the Baltic. This theory may be in part fanciful, but it has ancient historical support; and until recent times Britain was more accessible to Bergen folk, certainly in winter, than was Christiania. To-day all Norway undoubtedly looks west politically, economically and socially. And, at a time when we are not as popular as we think we should be, we are favourably regarded in Norway. "We make the same sort of jokes," said one Bergen man. This is not the weakest kind of link.

A visit to a big airfield threw a vivid light on Norway's present situation. First-class runways to take any type of aircraft; underground fuel stores which could be filled direct by pipe from a tanker lying offshore; a command post quarried in a hill—these were signs of a changed outlook. Even taking into account the difference in the method of waging war since the country was invaded fourteen years ago, Norway takes a more realistic view of defence. At the same time, she still remains a little bewildered by the position in which she has found herself since the signature of the North Atlantic Treaty. There is virtually no opposition in the country to the present policy, but the anti-militarist tradition still shows itself from time to time. Recently there has been a political battle over the length of full-time Army service, ending in a reduction to sixteen months, a compromise period. This allows the maintenance of two active brigades, one each in a division in which the other two brigades are on a basis of part-time service.

Moreover, whereas Norwegians are conscious of the great increase in strength established on this northern flank in the last couple of years, it still appears to them all too bare. To be a member of a very small community which has a frontier in common with Soviet Russia, and belongs to an alliance regarded with the deepest disfavour by that neighbour, is a sobering experience. They feel—and here I am not talking of the man in the street, but of some military professionals—that by comparison with Norway and Norwegian waters the Mediterranean is over-insured as regards naval and air defence. The argument must at least be considered worthy of attention. On the other hand—somewhat inconsequently, in view of this anxiety—Norway is determined not to have "foreign bases" on her soil. I believe her objection to be compound: an independent attitude on the one hand and a feeling that the very word "base" possesses a sinister significance. I was asked by a journalist whether a foreign base might not tend to draw attack on the country, and could only reply that in the event of a war the Norwegian west coast comprised tempting objectives in any case.

Almost at the moment of my arrival at Oslo from Stavanger, an Army exercise near the Swedish frontier came to an end. The troops had a hard time of it. This year's snow in Southern Norway had been the deepest for many years, and still remained deep after a certain proportion had been thawed away. The hardship would have been considerable and even dangerous, except for troops of a race used to cold and in which virtually everyone fit to do so takes part in winter sports. As it was, many were pretty tired, and some of the transport got into trouble. The conclusion officially announced was that the mechanical transport itself was satisfactory, but that for winter warfare it needed to be supplemented by sleighs drawn by horses and men. It is true that snow in Southern Norway was exceptionally heavy last winter and that the conditions of this exercise are likely to be met with only once every ten years; it appears to me, nevertheless, that the conclusion mentioned might well have been reached earlier.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE NORTHERN FLANK—I.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

I have reason also to believe that some observers thought that in any circumstances the American transport was on the heavy side.

Norway does not, so far as I can see, regret taking the path she has followed. Political party differences on defence are concerned with details—though they may be important details in some cases—not with the principle. Norwegians, glancing towards their Swedish neighbour, sometimes reflect ruefully that they are being called upon for heavier sacrifices; as regards service obligations, for example. I should perhaps have pointed out earlier that in addition to the sixteen-months full-time service in the Army, and eighteen months in other Services, as well as in the Artillery, men are liable to thirty days' service every third year, with a maximum of four periods. Norwegians, in general, do not like military service, whole-time or part-time. They do not take kindly to military discipline, even of a tolerant and humanised sort. They possess well-trained professional officers, but not enough of them. One might find other defects, of which thinking officers are not unconscious. The fact remains that since this State became a party to the North Atlantic

Britain and Germany than she makes herself, she has a motor industry, which could be expanded. She produces electrical equipment—and this country, with its abundant water-power, is, of course, electrified to a high degree. She has, in a word, at least a good deal of the industrial basis which is needed for modern defence. It is true that she obtains equipment from abroad; I have seen British fighters in the air. Yet she can also make good ones herself. I may add that, the Swedes being people with modern minds and efficient in most things which they undertake, what they make is of high quality and produced by up-to-date methods.

It is to be noted that their defence problem, while extremely formidable, is relatively simple. It is simple even beside Norway's and simplicity itself beside ours. Sweden and Norway alike are concerned with local defence only, without distant commitments; but Sweden is to a much higher degree than Norway a Baltic State, Norway being first and foremost an Atlantic State, but having Baltic preoccupations also. Yet though this makes for simplicity in Sweden's defence policy, it does not connote a higher degree of security. In time of war, Norway has a much brighter hope of remaining in touch with the outside world through her Atlantic-facing ports than has Sweden through hers on the Baltic. In some circumstances, indeed, Sweden's best chance of maintaining imports would be through Norwegian ports and thence overland, even though Norwegian communica-

tions are notoriously sparse and not very good in themselves, whether by rail or road. Thus, though Norway is a member of N.A.T.O. and Sweden is not, their interests are linked. Both peoples are conscious all the time of dwelling on the same peninsula, and Sweden is conscious how much she depends on imported oil.

Sweden's defence system bears some resemblance to that of Norway—a small active force with a big potential on mobilisation. Conscript service is, however, shorter. The general period for all the fighting forces is ten months, followed by three periods of a month each. Officers, whether reserve or conscript, do more—if the conscript officer does not do extra training, he is liable to drop a grade at the next call-up, so that a company commander might end up in the ranks. The Swedish Army still uses some horsed cavalry. In the forests it is remarkably mobile and virtually invisible, so that it is not as obsolete as might at first sight appear. It has, however, the disadvantage that in winter, when it is otherwise probably more valuable than in summer, it can obtain no fodder locally. Swedish experience of active service is limited to the few who fought in the Finnish campaign. Swedish officers are, however, hard-working

students of war. There can hardly be any fighting forces, inside N.A.T.O. or outside it, which follow military developments as carefully. Army officers, and in some cases even rank and file, are first-class map-readers, and they memorise both maps and country extremely well.

I write these words in Stockholm, at the end of a visit, being due to start for Finland in a couple of hours' time. My intention is to take in Denmark on my way home. There can, I need hardly say, be no doubt that it is the two countries I have already visited which represent the strength of what I have called "the Northern flank." Denmark is small and shut in. Finland, though not behind the Curtain, is in a special position of which I hope to say something in a second article. Sweden and Norway, in their very different ways, provide such local military power as exists on the Northern flank. Their situation is an anxious one, though in neither case is there a hint of this in the bearing of the people. They, as I write, are revelling in the spring, which means even more to them than to us. The Norwegians are still skiing in bright, hot sunshine. In Britain, people do not ask why they must be dragged into these unwelcome preoccupations because they know we are dragged into any form of trouble that may be going nowadays. In Scandinavia people cannot avoid putting the question. Sweden, with a tremendous military record—of which she remains proud and which she constantly studies—has not been at war for the best part of a century and a half. So far as I could observe, both Norway and Sweden are making the best of it.



THE NATO FLAG

NATO countries control 3 of the world's productive capacity and have a total population of 380,000,000



1 BELGIUM
Population 8,705,000



2 CANADA
Population 14,430,000



3 DENMARK
Population 4,334,000



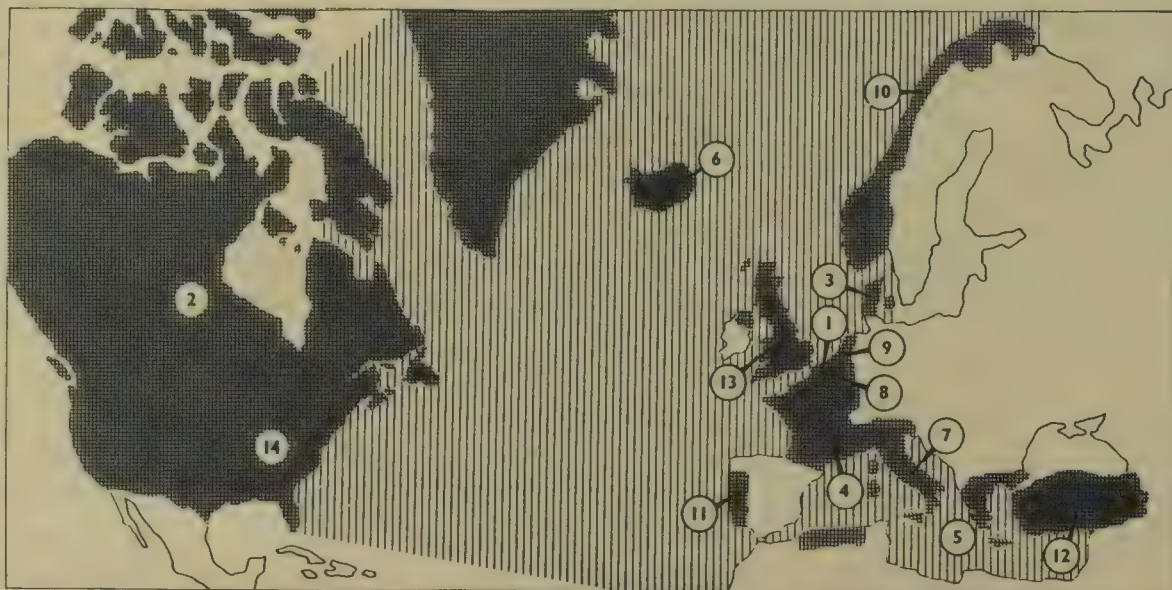
4 FRANCE
Population 42,600,000



5 GREECE
Population 7,776,000



6 ICELAND
Population 148,000



7 ITALY Population 46,884,000	8 LUXEMBOURG Population 302,000	9 NETHERLANDS Population 10,377,000	10 NORWAY Population 3,327,000	11 PORTUGAL Population 8,549,000	12 TURKEY Population 21,983,000	13 UNITED KINGDOM Population 50,429,000	14 U.S.A. Population 156,981,000
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A CHART SHOWING THE AREAS COVERED BY THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION AND THE POPULATIONS OF ITS MEMBER STATES.

Five years ago, on April 4, 1949, Mr. Ernest Bevin, then Foreign Secretary, signed the North Atlantic Treaty in Washington on behalf of the United Kingdom, the other signatories being Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Iceland, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, and the United States. Greece and Turkey joined the Alliance three years later. The effect of the Treaty was to bind these fourteen States together in the defensive alliance which is known as the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. To mark this anniversary, Her Majesty's Stationery Office have published an illustrated booklet, "Alliance for Peace," price 2s., which includes a short history of the growth of N.A.T.O., with an account of its structure and achievements. The foreword is by Lord Ismay, Secretary-General of the Organisation.

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Treaty and entered the N.A.T.O. organisation its defensive situation has changed greatly for the better, as has its outlook.

The short flight from Oslo to Stockholm takes the visitor into a different atmosphere. What for me was unchanged was the kindness and friendliness with which I was greeted. That of Bergen, Stavanger and Oslo was equally apparent in Stockholm. I may add that in both countries it was accompanied by appreciative comments on *The Illustrated London News*. Sweden decided against becoming a party to the North Atlantic Treaty, and, when Norway and Denmark made up their minds to become parties to it, she also abandoned the project of a Scandinavian defence pact which she had already suggested to those two countries. I feel sure that her traditional policy of neutrality did not fully account for this decision, though it represented one factor. After all, neutrality was also a Norwegian and a Danish tradition in modern times. Another reason must have been the possibility that if Sweden became a member of N.A.T.O., Russian policy in Finland would be changed. Finland might be militarily occupied. Balancing the alternatives, the Swedish Government decided that it would be preferable to continue neutrality.

Yet it is an armed neutrality, or at all events one of a high state of alertness. Moreover, unlike Norway and Denmark, Sweden possesses considerable material means for waging war. She can build warships and manufacture arms of high quality. Though she imports more vehicles from the United States,



BRITAIN'S NEW HEAVY-GUN TANK, THE CONQUEROR, WHICH WILL BEGIN ITS TROOP TRIALS WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN GERMANY IN THE NEXT TWO OR THREE MONTHS.



THE SIDE SILHOUETTE OF THE NEW HEAVY-GUN TANK, WHICH IS HEAVIER THAN AND COMPLEMENTARY TO THE CENTURION. NO DETAILS ABOUT THE GUN HAVE BEEN RELEASED.

A LANDMARK IN BRITISH TANK PRODUCTION : THE NEW CONQUEROR, FITTED WITH A HEAVY GUN, AND DESIGNED AS A "TANK-KILLER."

On April 6 it was announced by the War Office and the Ministry of Supply that Britain's new heavy-gun tank, the *Conqueror*, is in limited production and will begin its troop trials in Germany in the next two or three months. This new tank is intended to be complementary to the *Centurion*, not as a replacement of it. During a short demonstration it showed that it was quick off the mark and had a good turn of speed. For its size it is easily manoeuvred and its cross-country

performance compares favourably with that of the *Centurion*. Its gun—of which no detailed information has been released—is more powerful than the *Centurion's* 20-pounder, and it will have "the latest system for controlling its fire." It is more heavily armoured than the *Centurion* and rather larger. It is said to incorporate improvements in armour, electronic devices and mechanical developments. It is suggested that its main tactical use will be as a "tank-killer."

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE primula season started here with the opening of two very different species—*Primula marginata* and *Primula clarkei*. *Primula marginata* is surely one of the

loveliest of all the European species, a rock and cliff dweller which is particularly abundant in the Maritime Alps. Its habit is to go trailing down rock-faces in cascades of long, bare stems, ending with tufts of leathery, grey-green leaves, whose deeply scalloped edges are brilliant with silver-white meal. The heads of cowlip-scented flowers vary greatly in colour—lilac, rosy lilac, pale violet, pinkish mauve. There are

PRIMULA TIME.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Primula clarkei is a very different plant to *marginata*. In effect it is, in many respects, like a minute, wide-spreading primrose, with bright rose-pink flowers. It started flowering here towards the end of March, which, weather considered, was a very gallant effort. The leaves, which reach a height of little more than an inch, are roundish, heart-shaped and smooth, and at flowering-time are almost entirely hidden by a carpet of bright, clear, rose-pink flowers, with white centres. Most of the flowers are carried singly, just above the leaves, but here and there polyanthus-like heads of blossom are carried on stems rising to a height of 2 or 3 ins. But the general effect is of a most cheerful

rose-pink carpet. This delightful little primula is a relatively recent introduction. It came from Kashmir in 1936, and is, I feel very sure, destined to become extremely popular, for it has proved absolutely hardy and quite easy to grow. All that it seems to ask for is a pleasantly mellow loam, and perhaps a fairly cool position. At first sight it is surprising that this really first-rate little primula has not made its presence felt more strongly than it has in eighteen years. I must confess that although I see quite a number of gardens and flower shows, it is only during the last two or three years that I have begun to realise the virtues of *Primula clarkei*. But there were, of course, those dead and sterile war years when we had other and less pleasing preoccupations than little pink primulas from Kashmir. But

I firmly believe that *Primula clarkei* is as good a garden plant as *Primula julia*, and likely to achieve as wide a popularity. Its colour is, I should say, more widely liked than that of *julia*.

Last evening I went and inspected some beds of polyanthus primroses in which I am particularly interested. The strain started life in 1913-14, when I began selecting and crossing at my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage. My aim was a strain in which form, rich colour and quality should be of greater importance

name of "Broadwell" strain. The evening, for the last hour or so before the sun goes down, is the best, or at any rate the most flattering time to see flowers, especially when they are growing in massed formation. Beds of petunias, in mixed, but perhaps rather plebeian colours, light up at sundown and glow with a positively imperial splendour. It is the same with polyanthus. Last evening, when I inspected my son's "Broadwell" polyanthus—well—I will not say more than that, all things considered, my son has not let my strain down too badly. I spotted one rich violet with a



"THE BEST VARIETY [OF *Primula marginata*] THAT I HAVE SEEN IS *P. m.* 'PRITCHARD'S VARIETY,' WHICH HAS EXCEPTIONALLY BRILLIANT FOLIAGE AND EXTRA LARGE FLOWERS OF A DELIGHTFUL LIGHT BLUE-LILAC COLOUR."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

several good named varieties of *marginata* in cultivation. The best that I have seen is *P. m.* "Pritchard's Variety," which has exceptionally brilliant foliage and extra large flowers of a delightful light blue-lilac colour. A year or two ago I planted a number of youngsters of this form in an ancient stone basin, possibly a quern, about a foot in diameter. There are now over two dozen heads of blossom fully out. A really good sight. A curious thing about *Primula marginata* is the way in which the flowers actually grow in size after the buds first open. Any one not knowing this trick of *marginata's* might well be disappointed, and imagine that he had been defrauded and sold some poor worthless form. But wait. Give *marginata*—and your nurseryman—a chance. In a few days those squinty little blossoms will have grown and developed out of all recognition. Rock gardeners are often worried and annoyed by the way their plants of *Primula marginata* grow what they call leggy. But that is the nature of the plant. A dachshund might as well accuse a racehorse of being leggy. Those long, bare stems which *marginata* eventually develops are specially adapted for trailing like a fringe over the brow of some great rock or cliff. The best plan, therefore, is to humour this whim and plant *marginata* above some steep slope—rock for preference—down which it can trail to its heart's content. Earthing up to hide those long, shame-making, bare legs is often advocated. Poppy-cock! Let them trail, and if they become too long for their position, shorten them back. This will cause the shortened stems to push out two, or perhaps three, heads for every one that has been removed, whilst these cut-off heads may be struck as cuttings further to increase the colony. If the rock-garden provides no suitable slope for *Primula marginata*, the best plan is to plant it on level ground, and keep it dwarf and erectly bushy by occasional decapitation of the would-be "leggy" stems.



THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC FEATURE OF *Primula marginata* IS THE FOLIAGE, "WHOSE DEEPLY SCALLOPED EDGES ARE BRILLIANT WITH SILVER-WHITE MEAL." THERE IS GREAT VARIATION IN THIS SPECIES—THE FORM SHOWN HERE BEING *P. m. caerulea* "HOLDEN VARIETY."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

clear, brilliant, golden eye, and of fine upstanding carriage, which I must certainly dig up and take home, for mating with a few of my best blue and violet seedlings. I can not quite bring myself to give up messing about with the flowers with which I have messed about for so long. Among all the crimsons, reds, blues, violets, purples and deep maroons I spotted one solitary plant with clear yellow flowers. This was not from alien seed of Munstead persuasion which had got in by mistake. It was a definite throw-back to the ancestral yellow type. Ever since I started breeding these richly-coloured polyanthus, I have had a few stray yellows cropping up each year, and during all those forty-or-so years no yellow or golden polyanthus have been grown within marriageable distance of my coloured strain. These yellow throw-backs have become less numerous in recent years, but they still occur with great regularity, and are, of course, weeded out and destroyed directly they show colour. In about a week's time, when the beds of polyanthus are fully out, will begin the task of "rogueing" them. With a garden fork, critical eyes, and hardened hearts, my son and I scrutinise the plants time after time, and fork out for destruction every specimen that does not come up to standard, and the standard set is clearly defined in our own minds, and is a pretty high one.

In a recent article, written after a post-mortem prow, in which I discussed some of the winter's casualties, I mentioned the condition of *Cytisus battandieri*, which was profoundly disquieting. I quite thought it was dead. Not a bit of it. Since then it has started to bristle all over with tufts of intensely silvery leaves. This fine shrub, therefore, is harder than I had dared to hope. With luck I should be enjoying this summer a display of its great, torch-like trusses of pineapple-fragrant golden blossoms.



"THE LEAVES, WHICH REACH A HEIGHT OF LITTLE MORE THAN AN INCH, ARE ROUNDISH, HEART-SHAPED AND SMOOTH, AND AT FLOWERING-TIME ARE ALMOST ENTIRELY HIDDEN BY A CARPET OF BRIGHT, CLEAR, ROSE-PINK FLOWERS, WITH WHITE CENTRES."

A DELIGHTFUL PRIMULA FROM KASHMIR, *P. clarkei*.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

than super-size. This strain was known at and distributed from Six Hills—and still is—as the "Six Hills" strain of polyanthus. When I retired in 1946 I brought with me from my private garden at Stevenage a small, representative selection of those "Six Hills" polyanthus, to grow in my Cotswold garden. Since then, my strain has been leading a double life. At Stevenage it carries on under its old name, and here in the Cotswolds my son carries on the good work of careful breeding, selecting and improving in his nursery. This branch of the family now goes by the

N.B.—Colour Supplement included here.



THREE years ago, in the third week of April 1951, the 1st Bn. The Gloucestershire Regiment and "C" Troop, 170th Independent Mortar Battery, R.A., fought an eighty-hour action against Chinese troops in overwhelming numbers, on a hill position near the Imjin River, in western Korea. It was a battle which won them undying fame and the respect and admiration of the civilised world; and to record it visually the Regiment commissioned from Mr. A. R. Thomson, R.A., a large painting of the scene which appeared in the 1953 Academy and which we here reproduce in full colour. The painting is 5 ft. by 4 ft. in size and is kept at the Regimental Depot whenever the 1st Battalion is serving overseas. It shows the moment of a Chinese attack up the north-west spur of "Gloucester Hill," and depicts the Bn. Headquarters, with Colonel Carne smoking his pipe and talking to his runner, the various Company positions and a group of wounded under the care of the M.O. A little later Colonel Carne divided the Battalion into three groups, giving them orders to infiltrate back to friendly positions and himself, with the medical officers and about 200 wounded, remained to the end. One of the groups, led by Captain Harvey, M.C., and consisting of four officers and thirty-six men, did escape—the remainder were killed or captured—and Captain Harvey has told how, as he and his men left the position, his last sight was of Colonel Carne calling on Drum-Major Buss to sound the Long Reveille. The picture was based on Captain Harvey's sketches and descriptions, and photographs were used by the artist in incorporating a number of



KEY

1. Chinese troops.
2. Chinese mortars.
3. Chinese moving up to hill-tops.
4. American Shooting Star firing rockets and dropping Napalm bombs.
5. River Imjin.
6. "B" Company.
7. Korean porters of Battalion H.Q.
8. Sergeant H. J. Pegler.
9. Captain R. P. Hickey, M.O. Awarded M.C.
10. Lieut. D. H. Allman, Assistant Adjutant.
11. R.S.M. E. J. Hobbs, Awarded M.B.E.
12. Forward and Rear Link Signallers.
13. C.O.'s runner.
14. Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Carne. Awarded the Victoria Cross.
15. Major G. Ward and Captain R. Washbrooke, "C" Troop, 170th Independent Mortar Battery, R.A.
16. Drum-Major P. E. Buss.
17. Drummers.
18. "A" Company counter-attacking.
19. Chinese main attack.
20. Corporal Townsend.
21. Private Hurn.
22. Private Ellis.
23. Private Dickenson, Captain Harvey's batman.
24. Captain M. G. Harvey, O.C. "D" Company. Awarded M.C.
25. Private Stanbridge.
26. No. 10 Platoon, "D" Company.
27. No. 12 Platoon, "D" Company.
28. Lieut. D. J. Holdsworth, No. 12 Platoon.
29. Lieut. D. E. Whatmore, No. 11 Platoon.
30. Private W. S. Cleveland. Awarded M.M.
31. Spoil from hasty defences.
32. Bursting Napalm bomb.

portraits in the picture. Of those who took part in the action Colonel Carne received the Victoria Cross, as did Lieut. Curtis (posthumously); Major Harding and Captain Farrar-Hockley the D.S.O.; Captain Harvey and Captain Hickey the M.C.; R.S.M. Hobbs the M.B.E.; and Private Cleveland the M.M.; and the Battalion as a whole received the U.S. Presidential Unit Citation for heroism in action, and the survivors now wear (on the right breast) a royal blue ribbon with gold-bordered stripes.

A HEROIC ENGAGEMENT RECORDED IN COLOUR: "THE LAST STAND OF THE GLOUCESTERS."



RIDING DOWN ONE OF THE FAIRGROUND AVENUES: A TYPICAL COUPLE, THE GIRL SEATED BEHIND THE MAN, WEARING GITANA DRESS, HER CAVALIER IN TIGHT, DARK TROUSERS, COVERED WITH A LEATHER APRON; A FITTED JACKET AND CORDOBIAN HAT.

THE annual Feria (Fair) of Seville, which takes place at Easter, is a unique festival that draws visitors from all over the world, lasts for five or six days, and is an event in which the whole population of the city, high and low, takes part. The fair-ground, on the outskirts of the town, consists of four long, parallel avenues lined with *casitas*—small booths open at the front. They are decorated on the outside by the municipality of Seville, and inside, with great originality, by the tenants of the year, who may be a family, a group of families, or a club who rent their particular *casita* for the period of the Feria; and entertain there day and night. The older people sit and talk and sip wine while the girls dance. To the accompaniment of castanets and the clapping of hands they dance the famous Sevillana, in the booths, on the sidewalk, in the streets, with the skill and grace born of learning to dance almost before they can walk. They all wear *Gitanas* dress, a long, flounced skirt of brightly-coloured cotton, an embroidered shawl, flowers in the hair; often a high comb and sometimes a green, white or scarlet

[Continued opposite.



ESCORTING HIS LITTLE SISTERS, PROUD AND ELEGANT IN THEIR GAY GITANA (GYPSY) DRESSES: A LITTLE BOY CARRYING A FASHIONABLE WALKING-STICK, PADDED AT THE END TO PREVENT HIM FROM DUCING IT INTO HIS COMPANIONS.

[Continued] mantilla of chenille bobble. The Sevillanas go to the Feria on horseback or in open carriages. The equestrians ride, either singly or in pairs, a man and a girl together. The men wear tight, dark trousers, usually covered with leather aprons, frilled, white high-necked shirts without ties, Cordoban hats and well-fitting short jackets. The girls, who ride behind, sitting sideways, one arm round the cavaliers' waists, wear *Gitana* dress. But even more enchanting are the women who ride alone. These wear, above a dark skirt, a frilled white shirt, a velvet jacket, crimson, peacock blue, jade green, or sometimes black, often trimmed with tiny silver ornaments like bells, and short enough to reveal a bright cummerbund round the small waist. They arrive at the Feria at mid-day, and ride round till about three in the afternoon, when they gradually disappear, to reappear, no longer on horseback, and all the women, now in *Gitana* dress, to throng the *casetas* in the evening, there to drink and eat and listen to *Flamenco* singing and, above all, to dance until the small hours of the morning.



ONE OF THE MOST DECORATIVE AND BECOMING FORMS OF HEAD-DRESS WORN BY THE SEVILLAN GIRLS AT THE ANNUAL EASTER FERIA, OR FAIR: A MANTILLA OF CHENILLE BOBBLES ARRANGED OVER A HIGH COMB.



SHOWING THE EMBROIDERED LEATHER APRON WORN BY THE MAN OVER HIS TIGHT-FITTING DARK TROUSERS, AND THE ELEGANT WAY IN WHICH THE GIRL SPREADS OUT HER WIDE SKIRT: A YOUNG COUPLE IN THE EQUESTRIAN PARADE, WHICH TAKES PLACE DAILY DURING THE FAIR PERIOD.



A HANDSOME YOUNG PAIR: THE GIRL, SITTING SIDEWAYS, HAS ONE ARM ROUND THE WAIST OF HER CAVALIER, AND IS CAREFUL NOT TO SIT ON HER WIDE, FLOUNCED SKIRT, OF BRIGHTLY-COLOURED PATTERNED MATERIAL, BUT TO DRAPE IT OVER THE HORSE'S QUARTERS.

AN ANNUAL EASTERTIDE EVENT AT SEVILLE WHICH PROVIDES A SIGHT UNMATCHED IN EUROPE: THE PRIDE AND GRACE OF SPAIN DISPLAYED ON HORSEBACK AND BY DANCERS AT THE FERIA (FAIR).



THE SIMPLE BIRTHPLACE OF A GREAT MAN: THE SMALL GROUND-FLOOR ROOM AT BLENHEIM PALACE WHERE SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., WAS BORN ON NOVEMBER 30, 1874.

ON November 30, 1874, Lady Randolph Churchill, who was expecting a baby, was watching the shooting from a carriage at Blenheim Palace, when she was suddenly taken ill. She was hurried back to the Palace and put to bed in a small room on the ground floor, where she gave birth to a boy who received the names Winston Leonard. The room now contains the same furniture as on that historic day, as well as many objects connected with Sir Winston Churchill. Among the objects so preserved are the golden curls cut from his head at the age of five.

Colour photographs by George Varjas/Reflex.

This colour page is a reproduction of one of a number of magnificent full-colour plates which are appearing in "An Eightieth Year Tribute" to Sir Winston Churchill, published by *The Illustrated London News* on April 22. This book, of the same page-size as *The Illustrated London News*, is bound in a red-and-gold "leather" cover, and contains, as well as the colour-plates, four "in-taglio" plates, and many

(Continued opposite.)



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S INFANT CURLS, CUT FROM HIS HEAD AT THE AGE OF FIVE, PRESERVED AT BLENHEIM PALACE.

(Continued.)

pages of illustrations from innumerable sources recording the life and background of the greatest figure of our time. There are also full and informed articles on the Parliamentarian, the Historic Figure, the Soldier, the Man—Author, Painter, Wit, Humorist, Orator, Statesman and Sportsman. It is a unique publication presenting an unparalleled record of the life, character and career of one of the greatest Englishmen of all time, the saviour of his country and of European civilisation, a man of all the talents, and one whom we are proud to consider the epitome of our race. The volume, "Winston Churchill—The Greatest Figure of Our Time," is published at the price of 10/6, and may be obtained from April 22 onwards from any good-class news-agent or bookstall; or orders may be sent direct to The Publisher, *The Illustrated London News*, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, together with 12/6 to cover cost, package in a leatherboard carton, and postage to all parts of the world.

AT SEVILLE'S EASTER FAIR: CAPARISONED HORSES, YOUNG DANCERS AND MINIATURE GALLANTS.



GALLANTRY AND HORSEMANSHIP START EARLY IN SEVILLE: A YOUTHFUL CAVALIER AND HIS ELEGANTLY DRESSED COMPANION AT THE EASTER *FERIA*, OR FAIR.



MINIATURE COPIES OF THEIR MOTHERS: TINY GIRLS IN GAY *GITANA* DRESSES, WITH ELABORATE *COIFFURES*, DANCING AND PLAYING THEIR CASTANETS.



PASSING THE *CASETAS*, OR BOOTHS, ERECTED ALONG THE AVENUES OF THE FAIR-GROUND: A RIDER ENJOYING A DRINK WHILE HIS WELL-TRAINED HORSE DOES THE *PAS D'ESPAGNE*.



GAIETY IN ONE OF THE *CASETAS*, OR BOOTHS, SET UP FOR THE FAIR: GIRLS DANCING TO THE RHYTHMICAL CLAPPING OF HANDS BY SPECTATORS.



DRAWN BY FIVE HORSES WITH ELABORATELY DECORATED HARNESS, JANGLING WITH LITTLE BELLS AND GAY WITH TASSELS: A FAMILY EQUIPAGE.

The brilliance and colour of Seville's famous *Feria*, held annually at Eastertide, has been captured by the colour photographs illustrating this five-day popular festival reproduced on other pages. Here we record further aspects of the unique occasion. All the young women take part in the dancing. Even children put down from their mothers' arms take a step and toss their heads, their arms beginning to curve upwards as though from second nature. Occasionally a

grown-up girl will have a man for a partner, but most of the time the girls dance with each other, while the men look on and clap their hands in rhythm. The open carriages in which some Sevillanos come to the fair are drawn by fine horses, gaily caparisoned, with floral decorations and tassels on their harness. The livery worn by the coachmen and footmen varies. Some have velvet jackets, white shirts and broad-brimmed hats.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

TIDYING UP.

By FRANK DAVIS.



I SHOULD imagine that few of us, if we had the chance of a year's leave on condition we spent it wandering about the Seven Seas, would expect to find a characteristic piece of Spanish baroque carving in a little galvanised iron church in a town in South Australia. However, here it is (Fig. 1), set up as the reredos at the back of the altar in the church of Kalangadoo; and looking all the more distinguished by contrast with the rough Plain Jane planks behind it. I am indebted to the rector's wife for a photograph which brings out the details sufficiently well. In sending it, she asked whether it was possible to determine its date, so I took advice from the Victoria and Albert Museum—always a present help in trouble—and the answer is that it was probably made about 1665 or so. The cross at the top is presumably modern, nor is there any reason to suppose that the carving had originally a religious purpose. It appears to have been acquired at Barcelona half-a-century ago, and the space in the centre, now filled with wood, once contained a mirror which was considered not quite in keeping with its present surroundings. The material is oak, and with the flowing lines of the acanthus leaves, the two *amorini*, and the crowned eagle above, it must appear doubly impressive in its present austere setting, bringing strange echoes of the Old World across the oceans. Nothing is said about the mirror which has been removed—whether it is seventeenth century or modern. If the former, it probably came from France or Venice, for mirrors do not seem to have been made in Spain in any numbers until the eighteenth century. If the latter, then this space could well have been filled originally by a painting. There was nothing extraordinary in surrounding either picture or mirror with an elaborate frame, not even in England at this time, though to be sure, very rarely to this degree.

In a note recently about that extremely interesting character, the engraver Thomas Bewick, I mentioned that he was closely associated with the Beilby family at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A reader in California

been constantly employed in enamel painting on glass. It is thought that Ralph, as heraldic engraver, may have given some assistance, and also a younger brother, Thomas. Painting on glass had for long been a common practice on the Continent, but for some reason or other had never been greatly favoured in England. The Beilbys did not make glass, but they did decorate it in this manner with singularly good taste; and the surviving pieces which can be attributed to them with any degree of probability are much sought after both for their intrinsic merit and as examples of a short-lived fashion. I illustrate (Fig. 2) a fine piece which appeared in a Sotheby's sale in February—an armorial goblet with a corkscrew opaque-twist stem. On one side of the bowl are the Royal Arms and motto as borne by George III., on the other the Prince of Wales' plumes. The scroll-work, etc., is painted in opaque white, and there are traces of gilding on the rim. A few others similar to this are known. There is one at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and it is suggested that they were made to commemorate the birth of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., in 1762, and were probably enamelled by William with the assistance of his heraldic-engraver brother Ralph. Apart from heraldic glasses, there is a wide range of other forms of decoration, notably that based upon vine leaves and grapes; there are also flowers and fruits, ruins and birds and—specially interesting because of what we know of Bewick's book illustrations—rural pastimes. The vogue did not last very long. The earliest seem to be those mentioned above, and as Mary Beilby was only thirteen then, she could scarcely have played a great part in their production. Some few are signed, but with the surname only—consequently it is not possible to say with certainty which member of the family painted a particular piece. The sister became ill in 1774 and, after the death of their mother in 1778, both William and Mary moved to Fife. Therefore 1778 is accepted as the last possible date for a Beilby-Newcastle enamelled glass. It is not without interest to note that Newcastle had long been a glass-making centre. The names of two Lorraine families (Tysack and Henzell) and one Italian (Dagnia) are recorded there as glass-manufacturers a hundred years previously. There is another type of painting upon glass which is entirely different from that practised by the Beilbys. This is easily distinguishable by even the most inexperienced eye, for it is enamelling not upon clear, but upon opaque white glass and is clearly intended to imitate porcelain (Fig. 3). Tradition says this was done mostly at Bristol, but there appears to be no convincing evidence that other glass-houses did not experiment with this most agreeable method which, at its best, and in the right hands, was capable of exceptionally graceful results, of which these particular pieces are good examples—satisfactory shape and delicate painting.

The fashion for this kind of glass was no doubt encouraged not only by the prevailing interest in porcelain, but also by the fact that it was known as "enamel glass," and so fell outside the orbit of the various Excise Acts which levied a duty on glass by weight. The twist in the stem of the Beilby glass, by the way, was made by taking threads of this opaque glass and manipulating them: little rods of this glass or, in the case of coloured twists, rods of coloured glass,

would be picked up on a mass of molten clear glass and twisted and turned as required, in the age-old method going back first to Venice and then to Alexandria of antiquity, for glass-making is a most ancient craft. Various Excise Acts have just been mentioned. The first of those came into operation in 1745, and the student of social history can find plenty of entertainment in trying to guess to what degree glass fashions were influenced by it and its successors of 1777, 1781 and 1787. As the duty was levied by weight, manufacturers were encouraged to make their glasses less heavy but more interesting. Changes in style would no doubt have come to pass in any case, but it seems clear that the duty had considerable influence; anyway, partly because of it, various twists in the stems, and cutting, became the vogue instead of the fine, heavy baluster stems of the earlier part of the century. The later English Acts did something more: they gave a fillip to the manufacture in Ireland, where there was no excise duty at all.

Thirdly, and lastly, here are several letters as a result of which I find I have to make an apology to the Dutch. They are delightful letters, rebuking me delicately for having strayed into musical criticism without previous consultation. In writing about one of John Evelyn's pictures in the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum—three jolly little rascals, one with a violin, another banging a morion, the third making noises on a pot covered with what looked like parchment—I asked what this last amateur instrument was. An answer came from Madrid—it was a *Zambomba*. I conveyed this information later to an expectant public, and immediately found myself in trouble for implying that this noise-making device



FIG. 1. A PIECE OF SPANISH BAROQUE CARVING IN USE AS A REREDOS IN A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN CHURCH: A CARVED OAK FRAME DATING FROM C. 1665.

This Spanish Baroque carving, which has been set up as a reredos in a little galvanised iron church in Kalangadoo, South Australia, was probably made c. 1665. "It appears to have been acquired at Barcelona half-a-century ago, and the space in the centre, now filled with wood, once contained a mirror."



FIG. 2. ENAMELLED BY THE BEILBYS OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE: A FINE ARMORIAL GOBLET WITH A CORKSCREW OPAQUE-TWIST STEM.

"On one side of the bowl are the Royal Arms and motto as borne by George III., on the other side the Prince of Wales' plumes," writes Frank Davis of this goblet, which may have been made to commemorate the birth of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., in 1762.

By courtesy of Sotheby's.

writes to-day that his forbears came from Northumberland and are supposed to have some remote connection with the Beilbys; can I say something about the Beilby contribution to glass manufacture? There were four members of the family, three brothers and a sister. Ralph (1743-1817), to whom Thomas Bewick was apprenticed, was a silversmith and jeweller and also an heraldic engraver. In his autobiography Bewick mentions the eldest brother William (1740-1819) and the sister Mary (1749-1797) as having



FIG. 3. PAINTED IN ENAMEL COLOURS TO IMITATE CHINESE PORCELAIN: VASES AND COVERS OF BRISTOL OPAQUE GLASS.

These vases illustrate a type of enamelling upon opaque white glass clearly intended to imitate Chinese porcelain. "This agreeable method . . . at its best, and in the right hands, was capable of exceptionally graceful results." (By courtesy of the Cecil Higgins Museum, Bedford.)

was of Spanish origin. I am assured it has been a familiar plaything in Holland for centuries, where it is known as a *Rommel-pot*. Take a pot, stretch a fresh pig's bladder over it, put a stick through the bladder and rub your hand up and down the stick, and you produce a sound worthy of a battery of artillery. *Peccavi!*

The description of the *cire perdue* method of casting bronze given on this page last week was incorrect. The wax must be completely melted out of the mould before the molten bronze is poured in. The dates of the bronzes in the John Sparks Gallery Exhibition are "to 900 B.C.," not "2900 B.C."

AT TIMES EVOCATIVE OF BRUEGHEL AND BOSCH: THE ART OF ANNIGONI.



"MRS. PETER COURTAULD": ONE OF THE PORTRAITS IN THE CURRENT PIETRO ANNIGONI EXHIBITION IN LONDON.



"MRS. CHRISTIE MILLER": BY PIETRO ANNIGONI, ON VIEW IN THE ONE-MAN SHOW OF HIS WORK AT WILDENSTEIN'S.



"MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS," THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS, IN PRIVATE LIFE, LADY BARLOW; BY ANNIGONI.



"NEARLY A MAN," AN ANNIGONI PAINTING OF A LAY FIGURE WHICH RECALLS THE WORK OF HIERONYMUS BOSCH.



"PRINCESS ELENA CORSINI": AN ANNIGONI PORTRAIT SET IN A LANDSCAPE WHICH RECALLS BRUEGHEL AND PATINIR.



"THE VANQUISHED": A PAINTING OF A LAY FIGURE AS A SYMBOL—NOT INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION.



"THE HILLS ARE BUT SHADOWS": ONE OF THE REMARKABLE LANDSCAPES BY ANNIGONI, WHICH RECALL THE WORK OF BRUEGHEL AND PATINIR.



"LES ADIEUX": BY PIETRO ANNIGONI. A BEAUTIFUL AND ROMANTIC LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES, ON VIEW AT THE WILDENSTEIN GALLERIES EXHIBITION.

The first painting by Pietro Annigoni to be seen in this country was a self-portrait hung in the Royal Academy of 1949; since then he has become widely known over here. He was born in Milan in 1910, and held his first one-man show in Florence at the age of twenty-two. Since then he has exhibited in France, Belgium and England, as well as in his native Italy. The current exhibition of Annigoni paintings and drawings, which opened at Wildenstein's New Bond Street Galleries on April 7, and will continue until May 1, is the second show of his works to be held there, the first being in 1950. We reproduce portraits, landscapes with figures, and a lay figure study from the current

exhibition, works which illustrate facets of his art, and recall the styles of both Italian and Flemish old masters. The landscapes are evocative of Brueghel; and the lay figure suggests Bosch. The lay figure entitled "The Vanquished," from the Rubboli collection, Milan, is not included in the exhibition. It is, however, reproduced in "Pietro Annigoni" a Batsford book devoted to his work, which has just been published at £3 3s. This book contains forty-eight plates in monochrome and two in colour; and has an introduction by Charles Richard Cammell, and a foreword by Lord Moran, whose portrait by Annigoni is on view at Wildenstein's.

"The Vanquished" reproduced by courtesy of B. T. Batsford.

TWO OF THE MOST REMARKABLY PLUMAGED BIRDS WHICH BREED IN BRITAIN :
THE HANDSOME BLACK-THROATED AND RED-THROATED DIVERS.



ON THE NEST: A RED-THROATED DIVER, WHICH IS SMALLER THAN ITS BLACK-THROATED RELATIVE AND HAS A SLENDER, UPTILTED BILL, A DULL RED THROAT-PATCH AND A GREY-BROWN BACK.

(ABOVE.) EMERGING FROM A DIVE: A RED-THROATED DIVER PHOTOGRAPHED IN SUSSEX IN WINTER. IT IS A MASTER-FISHER AND CAN REMAIN SUBMERGED FOR UPWARDS OF TWO MINUTES.

THE three divers which occur in Britain are all fine and distinctive-looking birds. The Great Northern Diver is the largest, but has never yet been proved to nest in the British Isles. The two other divers are the Black-throated and the Red-throated, photographs of which are shown on these pages. The Black-throated Diver resembles the Great Northern Diver, but is slightly smaller and has a more slender bill. Its general colour is black and white, but the white on its black back is

(Continued opposite.

(RIGHT.) A RED-THROATED DIVER IN WINTER. THE SPECKLED BACK AND WHITE NECK AND THROAT ARE IN COMPLETE CONTRAST TO ITS BREEDING PLUMAGE.



Continued.] patterned in a group of white bands on the scapular feathers and another on the shoulders, and the head and back of the neck are grey. This magnificent bird is one of our rarer species, only breeding on some of the remoter hill lochs in the Northern and Western Highlands. It is a very shy bird, slipping off its nest into the water, and diving out of sight the moment an intruder appears. The Red-throated Diver is the smallest and best-known of the British divers. A dull red throat-patch, brown back without white bars, and uptilted angle of the bill distinguish it from its rarer and more resplendent relative, the Black-throated. Its nesting habits are similar, but it favours smaller lochs, and it has been suggested that this may be because it normally goes down to the sea for its food, whereas the Black-throated Diver seeks most of its food on the loch where it is nesting.

Photographs by C. Eric Palmar.



LAI'D IN A ROUGH NEST AMONG MARSH PLANTS WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE WATER: THE LARGE BROWN EGGS OF A BLACK-THROATED DIVER.



LAI'D IN A SHALLOW DEPRESSION IN SPHAGNUM MOSS ON THE EDGE OF A HILL LOCHAN: THE LONG BROWN EGGS OF A RED-THROATED DIVER.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A HIDE NEAR THE WATER'S EDGE: A BLACK-THROATED DIVER SWIMMING. THIS MAGNIFICENT BIRD IS ONE OF OUR RARER SPECIES.



ON THE NEST: A BLACK-THROATED DIVER, ONE OF THE MOST HANDSOME OF BIRDS, WHICH BREEDS ON SOME OF THE LARGER AND REMOTER HILL LOCHS IN THE NORTHERN AND WESTERN HIGHLANDS. THE THROAT-PATCH IS A WONDERFUL VELVETY PURPLE-BLACK.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE mangled remains of a slow-worm in the woods in late March, and a live individual sunning itself on a bank in the first week of April are reminders that early spring is the best time to see this reptile. The slow-worm, or blind-worm (*Anguis fragilis*), ranges over the whole of Europe and eastwards into the Caucasus, Asia Minor and Northern Persia. It has also been recorded from North Africa, from Tunis, Algeria and the Sahara. In Europe it is found from the Mediterranean to the Arctic Circle and, coupled with this, we have the fact that it is one of the first reptiles to come out of hibernation. March is the usual month for its emergence, and it has even been seen in the middle of winter. From this we may suspect a tolerance of moderately low temperatures and the almost inevitable corollary, an intolerance of even moderately high temperatures. These things are reflected in its habits.

Apart from the spring and again in late summer or autumn, when the females come out to lie in the sun, a slow-worm is seldom seen abroad during daylight. On the other hand, they may often be found under stones, or logs. Even a piece of corrugated iron thrown negligently in the grass may shelter one. During the warmer part of the year, then, they are largely nocturnal and very much burrowing animals. They have been dug out from a foot below the surface, and a favourite habit is said to be that of lying in the earth completely buried except for the protruding head. Life underground, even two inches below the surface, ensures fairly constant conditions of temperature.

I have more than once seen a gardener unearth a slow-worm with his spade and immediately despatch the animal with that same implement. And many a person has shown a lively interest at the mention of its name, only to show trepidation, if not actual fear, at the sight of a slow-worm. These things arise from its snake-like appearance, a sort of unprotective mimicry, for thousands of slow-worms are probably killed each year under the lightning impression that they are young adders. Apart from the elongated and legless body, however, the two reptiles have not much in common. In the adder, for example, the tail represents no more than a sixth of the total length, in the smooth snake it is about a quarter, while in the slow-worm the tail is more than half the total length. There is also a distinct neck, especially noticeable in the female. Moreover, the slow-worm has eyelids, a fleshy tongue instead of the slender, forked tongue, and it has the ear-openings of a true lizard. Internally it has the vertebrae of the true lizard and there are the remains of a pelvis. On the other hand, there is something of the asymmetry of the lungs found in snakes. And a slow-worm sloughs its skin in the manner of a snake.

Perhaps the most striking feature in this comparison between the slow-worm and a snake is seen in the way they move. Along the under-surface of the body a snake has a series of ambulacral scales which, working on the principle of the man-made caterpillar track, carry the beast along in a gliding movement. A slow-worm also moves in a serpentine manner, although its under-surface lacks these ventral shields, the whole body being clothed in small, rounded scales, uniform in size. The whole body is smooth, with the appearance of burnished metal, this effect being especially heightened in the bronze individuals, for the colour of slow-worms varies from grey to brown, or even to black. In spite of this polished appearance and the lack of any special scales or organs for locomotion, the slow-worm glides in a flowing action, seemingly effortless, even on very smooth ground, if need be, hitching itself forward with its chin until a better purchase can be obtained.

SLOW-WORMS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

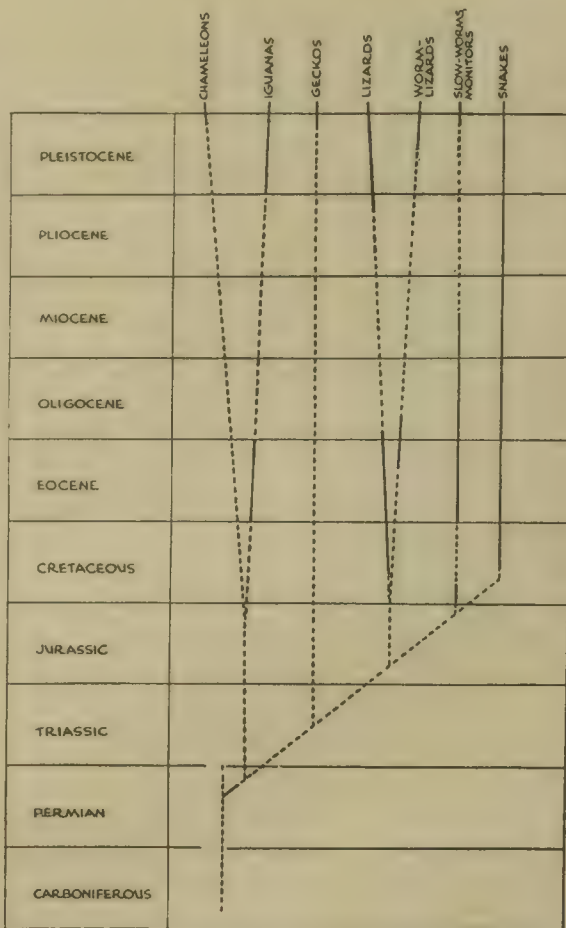


DIAGRAM OF THE FOSSIL RECORD OF LIZARDS AND SNAKES, THE CONTINUOUS LINES INDICATING KNOWN SERIES OF FOSSIL REMAINS, THE DOTTED LINES SHOWING GAPS IN OUR KNOWLEDGE, FROM COMMON ANCESTORS IN THE PERMIAN, SOME 200,000,000 YEARS AGO.

Drawn by Jane Burton.



THE GARDENER'S FRIEND: THE SLOW-WORM, A LEGLESS REPTILE, RANGING THROUGHOUT EUROPE, HAS RELATIVES IN AFRICA, ASIA, NORTH AMERICA AND SOME OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS. GROWING TO A LENGTH OF SOME 20 INS., WITH A KNOWN LONGEVITY OF FIFTY-FOUR YEARS, SLOW-WORMS ARE SNAKE-LIKE, BUT AMONG THE MANY WAYS IN WHICH THEY DIFFER FROM SNAKES IS THE PRESENCE OF A NECK, WHICH IS ESPECIALLY MARKED IN THE FEMALES.

Photograph by Ernest G. Neal.

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Although it does not naturally take to water, it will, if placed therein, swim easily and rapidly. While its action over the ground has the characteristics and ease of a snake, the pace is slower. It has been suggested that its name was derived from the Anglo-Saxon *slaw*, to slay, and that the whole name referred to its feeding on earthworms—the slayer of worms, in other words. The greater likelihood is that the name means what it says, a slow-worm, derived from the time when any elongated and cylindrical animal was classed in popular usage as a worm.

Although slow-worms do eat earthworms, as well as insects, insect larvæ and spiders, it is particularly partial to slugs and will take snails as well. The gardener more especially should spare them, for of the group of beings from time to time labelled as the gardener's friend, the slow-worm is probably the most deserving. Not only is man's hand so frequently and mistakenly directed against it, but the number of its natural enemies is also considerable. Frogs, toads and lizards eat it, so does the smooth snake; foxes, badgers and rats prey on it; many birds eat it, particularly birds of prey such as kestrels, buzzards, harriers, little owls, shrikes and storks, and even the mistle-thrush has been seen to take one; but its main enemies are hedgehogs and adders. The most vulnerable period, for a slow-worm, as with anything else, is in the early stages.

Slow-worms are ovo-viviparous, that is, the eggs are hatched internally, so that the young are born free, at the end of August or in September, a brood numbering from six to twenty-four. The young measure some 3 to 3½ ins. and are correspondingly slender. The length is doubled in a year, and trebled in two years, sexual maturity being reached by the males in their third year, and by the females in their fourth or fifth. Full growth is not attained for at least seven or eight years, and the known longevity is fifty-four years, a record that is based on a specimen that lived in the Zoological Museum in Copenhagen from 1892 to 1946, its age at the time of capture being unknown. The females grow longer than the males, the record lengths being 17½ ins. for a male and 21 ins. for a female. There is full justification, then, for the method of naming these animals and for the mistakes in identity, for at a quick glance they are worm-like when young and snake-like in later life. The mistle-thrush

already mentioned, there can be little doubt, picked up its victim in place of an earthworm.

A last lizard-like feature of the slow-worm is its habit of casting its tail when handled or abruptly disturbed. This it can re-grow, although the new tail is recognisable by its shorter length and blunted tip, and one in every three in the wild shows signs of having previously thrown off its tail, a commentary, perhaps, on the number of its enemies. Slow-worms are classified in a family, the Anguillidae, among the lizards, and to this family belong also the glass-snakes, the tails of which are said literally to crack apart into fragments when they are roughly handled.

Although slow-worms and snakes differ markedly in so many ways, they also possess similarities, and must have some common relationships. The fossil record of snakes is a continuous one back to the early Cretaceous, that of slow-worms being much less complete. It is evident, however, that at some point between 200,000,000 and 150,000,000 years ago there sprang from ancestral reptiles the lines that were to give us our modern chameleons, lizards, geckos, slow-worms, monitors and snakes. From among these, two groups took to crawling on their bellies, with an accompanying loss of limbs, and even although the slow-worms and the snakes have taken different paths, they cannot fully disguise their common ancestry.

NEWEST AND SUPER-PRIORITY AIRCRAFT, AND THE VERSATILE EXTENSION LADDER.

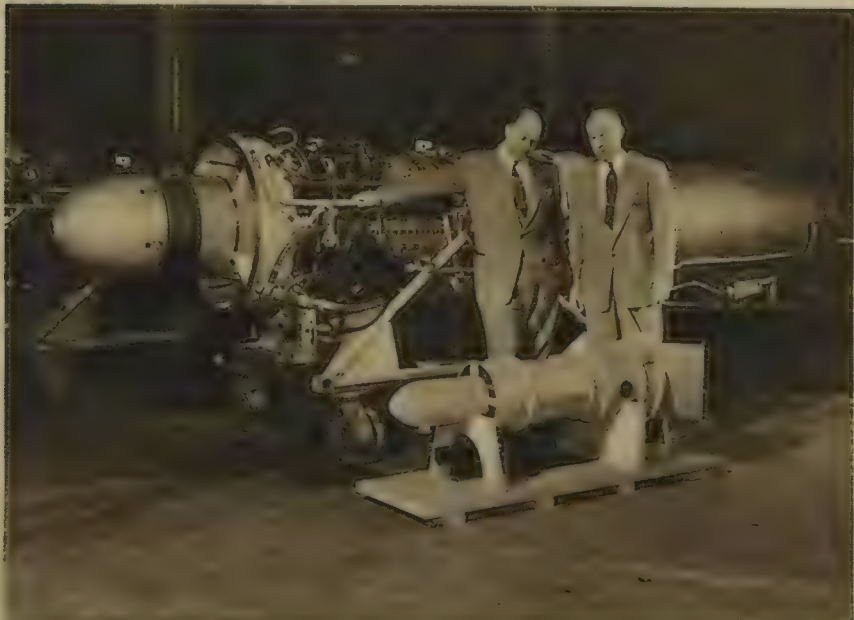


HOW TO REPLACE A FAULTY LIGHT BULB IN A HIGH CEILING: A TRACTOR-DRAWN AND HYDRAULICALLY OPERATED MOVABLE-ARM PLATFORM CAPABLE OF LIFTING TWO MEN, DEVELOPED BY A U.S. ELECTRICAL FIRM FOR SIMPLIFYING JOBS UP TO 50 FT. HIGH.



HOW A FIRE-ESCAPE IS TESTED FOR EFFICIENCY: WEIGHTS BEING LOADED ON TO A 75-FT. EXTENSION LADDER AT BLACKHEATH, DURING STANDARD TESTS.

In this method of testing fire-escape ladders, the ladder is run out from the vehicle parallel to the ground, at various extensions. A platform is attached and weights are added until the vehicle begins to tip. For perfection, it should carry the weight of three men at full extension before tipping.



A JET ENGINE FOR HELICOPTERS, SEEN HERE IN A MOCK-UP FORM AND STANDING IN FRONT OF ITS BIG BROTHER, THE GENERAL ELECTRIC J47-17 GAS-TURBINE ENGINE. This small gas turbine, named XT-58, is designed primarily for helicopters, but could be modified for small fixed-wing aircraft. It is being developed for the U.S. Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics by the General Electric Company's Small Aircraft Engine Department.



THE FIRST AIRCRAFT OF THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE SUPER-PRIORITY SUPERMARINE SWIFTS TO BE DELIVERED TO THE R.A.F. THIS SWEEP-WING FIGHTER IS EQUIPPED WITH A NEW WEAPON, THE 30-MM. ADEN CANNON.



PACKED FOR STOWING: A FAIREY GANNET ANTI-SUBMARINE AIRCRAFT OF THE FIRST UNIT OF THESE SUPER-PRIORITY AIRCRAFT TO BE INAUGURATED IN THE NAVY.

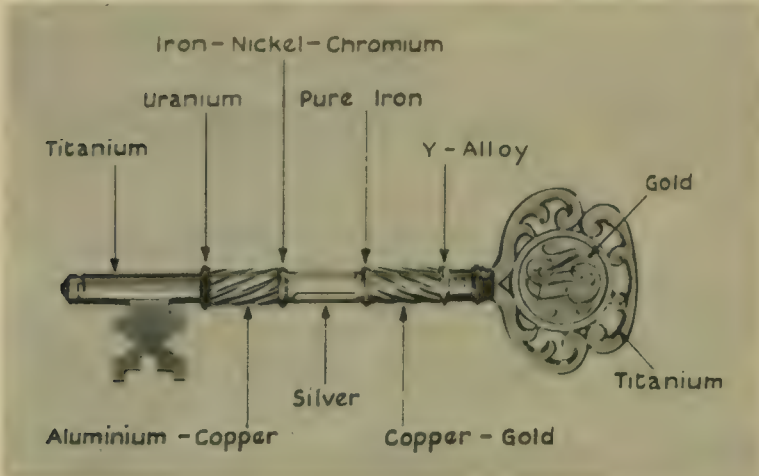
The first flight of Fairey Gannet anti-submarine aircraft to be formed for the Fleet Air Arm was formally inaugurated at Ford, Sussex, on April 5. After the ceremony, the four Gannets took off and flew over, led by an old Fairey Swordfish. The Gannet is powered with a Double Mamba airscrew turbine.



THE U.S. AIR FORCE'S FIRST SWEEP-WING FIGHTER-BOMBER, THE REPUBLIC F-84F THUNDERSTREAK, WITH THE VARIOUS TYPES OF ARMAMENT IT CAN CARRY.

In front of the aircraft can be seen six supplementary fuel-tanks and various types of armament, for differing combinations of use according to requirement, including six machine-guns with their ammunition-belts, four 1000-lb. bombs, two 2000-lb. bombs and twenty-four 5-in. rockets. The pilot gives a convenient scale for these items.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: SOME NEWS AND VIEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY AND BELGIUM.



SHOWING THE DIFFERENT MATERIALS COMPOSING IT: THE KEY REPRESENTING FIFTY YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC WORK IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW ALLOYS. The key presented to Professor Sir Laurence Bragg when he opened the new Laboratory of the Metallurgy Division of the National Physical Laboratory symbolised over 50 years of scientific work in the development of new alloys. Made of titanium, a new light metal, it was inlaid with gold, and included iron, made to an exceptionally high degree of purity, silver, a copper-gold alloy upon which studies of the atomic and electronic structure of metals have been made, Y-alloy and iron-nickel-chromium, representing the early days of heat-resisting alloys; and uranium.



ACCEPTING THE REMARKABLE KEY FROM DR. N. P. ALLEN: PROFESSOR SIR LAURENCE BRAGG, WHO OPENED THE NEW METALLURGY DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY, AT TEDDINGTON, ON APRIL 6.



THE ONLY ANSWER TO DESPAIR: A NEWLY UNVEILED CRUCIFIX ON THE "SUICIDE BRIDGE" NEAR MUNICH. Church officials recently consecrated this crucifix on the 100-ft.-high railway bridge crossing the Isar River, near Munich. So many people have jumped to their death from the bridge since it was built in 1857 that it is hoped that the sight of the crucifix may make them pause and think before abandoning themselves to despair.



A NEW TROPICAL UNIFORM FOR THE WOMEN'S SERVICES: "NO. 3" UNIFORM FOR OFFICERS. A new tropical uniform has been introduced for the Women's Services. This photograph shows "No. 3" uniform for officers off-parade. The dress is of white sharkskin, and has a pleated bodice and six-panelled skirt. White court shoes are worn with it.



PLANTED BY EDWARD VII. IN 1903: THE ENTENTE CORDIALE TREE IN THE BRITISH EMBASSY GARDEN, PARIS. When King Edward VII. visited Paris in 1903 he planted a tree in the garden of the British Embassy. It has grown well and symbolises the happy continuation of the good relations between France and England founded by the *Entente Cordiale*, whose Jubilee was celebrated on April 8, a treaty associated with King Edward VII., great-grandfather of the Queen.



NOT AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM, BUT A NEW SURVIVAL BAG, ADAPTED FOR THE NEEDS OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION. This new survival-bag is designed for shipwrecked survivors who have been subjected to severe exposure. The body, once in the bag, should regain its natural warmth quickly, and artificial respiration can be applied. It is made of rubberised fabric and is inflated before use.



CALLING ALL VOTERS! IN THESE KIOSKS, SET UP BY BELGIUM'S LIBERAL PARTY, MEN REMIND PEOPLE OF BRUSSELS TO VOTE LIBERAL ON ELECTION DAY, APRIL 11. An enterprising move of the Liberal Party of Belgium was to set up kiosks in the streets of Brussels from which their employees could remind people that the party is seeking their votes on election day, April 11. The electorate must record their votes or be fined 30s.

NEWS FROM INDIA, MALTA, SPAIN AND ENGLAND: A CAMERA SURVEY OF SOME RECENT EVENTS.



(ABOVE.) CELEBRATING THE COMING-OF-AGE OF THE INDIAN AIR FORCE: A SCENE DURING THE CEREMONIES NEAR DELHI WHEN PRESIDENT PRASAD PRESENTED NEW COLOURS.

On March 28 the Indian Air Force celebrated its twenty-first anniversary with an impressive demonstration of fire-power which was watched by some 100,000 people. On April 1, the actual anniversary, the Indian Air Force announced the appointment of its first Indian C-in-C., Air Marshal S. Mukerjee. During ceremonies at Palam Airfield, near Delhi, President Prasad presented the Indian Air Force with the President's colour.



RESTORED AND RE-HALLOWED: THE WAR-SHATTERED CITY CHURCH OF ST. OLAVE, HART STREET, SHOWING THE STONE LAID BY KING HAAKON OF NORWAY IN 1951. Mr. Prebensen, the Norwegian Ambassador in London, accompanied by the Dean of Bergen, attended the re-hallowing of the war-shattered church of St. Olave, Hart Street, E.C., on April 9. King Haakon of Norway laid the restoration stone in 1951, and the Bishop of London laid a second stone.



(RIGHT.) BACK IN SERVICE: H.M.S. FORTH, ASSISTED BY TUGS MOVING TO A BERTH IN VALETTA GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA, AFTER REFITTING.

H.M.S. *Forth*, the 9060-ton submarine depot ship, which has been refitting at Malta Naval Dockyard since January, is now back in service and can be seen in our photograph moving to a berth in midstream in Valetta Grand Harbour recently. H.M.S. *Forth*, laid down under the 1937 Estimates, has eight 4.5-in. guns, two multiple pom-poms, four 3-pdr. guns and four smaller; she was completed in May 1939. She has a complement of 502, including 64 repair staff and 43 as spare submarine crew.



"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE" NEAR THE FARNBOROUGH-ALDERSHOT ROAD: PARTICIPANTS IN A FILM, FOR A T.V. SERIES, CANTERING TOWARDS THE CAMERA. The first of a new monthly series of television programmes entitled "You Are There" is to be produced after Easter. In each programme viewers will be taken back to a famous incident in history. The subject of the first programme is the "Charge of the Light Brigade."



HOME FROM RUSSIA: SPANISH PRISONERS OF WAR, SURVIVORS OF THE BLUE DIVISION, ARRIVING AT BARCELONA IN THE RED CROSS SHIP SEMIRAMIS.

On April 2 the Red Cross ship *Semiramis* docked at Barcelona carrying 286 Spanish prisoners of war repatriated from Russia. The men are survivors of the Blue Division, which fought on the Russian front. The men received an official welcome amid scenes of enthusiasm from the waiting crowds.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BEWITCHED AND BEWILDERED.

By J. C. TREWIN.

BEWITCHED, Bothered and Bewildered "seems to have been in our ears for a long time. But the musical comedy that contains the tune—it is by Richard Rodgers—has only just arrived in London. "Pal Joey" (Princes Theatre), set in Chicago during the late 1930s, is now fourteen years old. In a serious record of the American theatre it is described, very oddly indeed, as "a superior musical." The historian is delighted with what he calls the wit of "Pal Joey," its satirical force, and its violation of the usual musical comedy conventions. We are given, he says, "a cynically realistic portrait of a completely unromantic hero, a 'heel' and gigolo of the night clubs, who attracts a worldly-wise older woman as patroness. She takes him on as lover, selects appropriate clothes for him, installs him in a sumptuous new night-club, and at last dismisses him when she becomes weary of him and his flirtations."



"WE ARE CERTAINLY ENCHANTED. THE REASON, I THINK, IS THE EASY CHARM WITH WHICH JEAN GIRAUDOUX HAS COMPOSED HIS FANTASY": "THE ENCHANTED" (ARTS THEATRE CLUB), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) THE DOCTOR (LIONEL JEFFRIES); THE SUPERVISOR OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES (EMRYS JONES); LEONIDE MANGEBOIS (GILLIAN WEBB); ARMANDE MANGEBOIS (SYLVIA COLERIDGE); THE INSPECTOR FROM THE MINISTRY (RICHARD WARNER) AND THE MAYOR (CHARLES LLOYD PACK).

Exactly. That will do as a thumb-nail of the plot, though—from a safe distance on this side of the Atlantic—I am not prepared to agree about the wit and the satirical force. In spite of the occasional cunning of the Rodgers score, I was more bewildered than bewitched. It is all very well to violate the musical comedy conventions; but I remain certain that any musical play, British or American, especially when labelled "superior," should have in it more than one character that we can like without reserve. In "Pal Joey" I can think only of the girl (Linda) that Joey meets at a pet-shop. She is acted with some charm by Sally Bazely, but she has to remain dim against the garish background, a small, sweet voice in the bangle. Everyone else is, outwardly, as tough as reinforced concrete.

Harold Lang dances with enthusiasm as the "heel"—maybe Joey is better company in the original O'Hara sketches, which I have not read—and I imagine that his performance must be comparable with what my American book calls "the inspired hoofing" of Gene Kelly in 1940. Hoofing aside, Mr. Lang tells cheerfully the never-never story about his origin that so impresses little Linda: at this early stage I was hoping for a happier night. Carol Bruce, as the "patroness," sings "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" with the expected vigour, though it is a dull lyric for the tune, and the character is frankly as uplifting as a wet day on a slag-heap. Miss Bruce, clearly an admirable actress, said on the first night that she had always wished to appear in London: next time she may have a gayer part.

I thought we might have some mild pleasure with a blackmailer called Ludlow Lowell, a voluble fellow who could have come from a modern version of O. Henry.

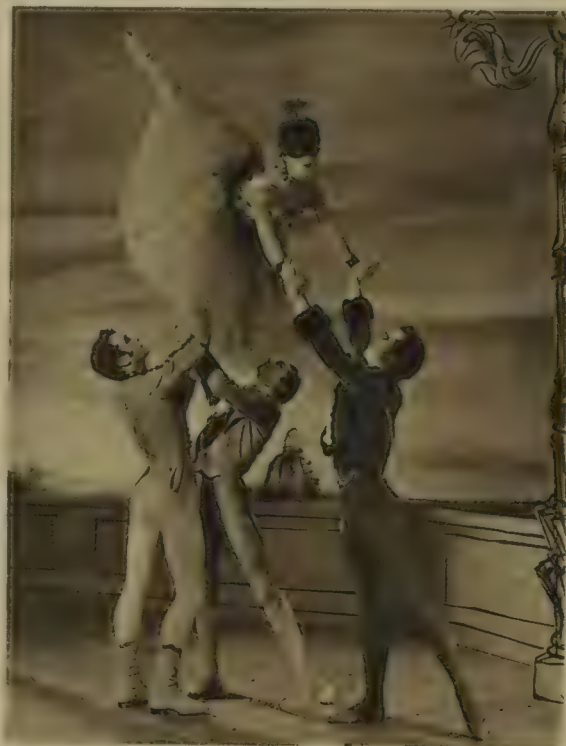
When he arrived I remembered Jeff Peters's tribute to Andy Tucker: "That man was the most talented conniver at stratagems I ever saw. Whenever he saw a dollar in another man's hands, he took it as a personal grudge, if he couldn't take it any other way." However, this Mr. Lowell, as played by Lou Jacobi, at the Princes, did not fulfil his promise: the actor's voice was less expressive, less immediately articulate, than his face.

In the end I found myself recalling most happily an absurd burlesque of a cabaret "production number," and the bored endurance with which Diana Daubeney, in the sheath of a Lily, wore her preposterous flower-costume. But there is more in the production to bother and bewilder than to bewitch.

On the other side, "The Enchanted," by Jean Giraudoux (Arts Theatre Club), is almost entirely bewitching. This is a play in which Giraudoux flicks around so capriciously that it is better to take it all, without question, as it comes. If we try to keep pace with the dramatist's to-and-fro, we must spin dizzily. Better to murmur Desmond MacCarthy's words on another occasion: "I let the play wash over me and then examine the markings in the sand." In "The Enchanted," Giraudoux appears to be making it up as he goes along; he has no idea what will happen. That might be maddening, but here it never is, though to describe the chain of incident is to see spots before the eyes. The play is now a satire, now philosophical fantasy, now something near farce.

A French provincial town seems to be under some kind of spell, a benevolent spell, for, in Gilbertian phrase, "all goes right and nothing wrong." An Inspector from the Ministry comes down to see about it. He is scandalised to find that a ghost is said to haunt the lakeside. He is still more scandalised at the way in which Isabel, innocent and inquiring maiden, is teaching some little girls their lessons. A philosophical doctor wanders about the place meaningly. The local Mayor, bothered and bewildered, but (as we learn later, though it hardly helps) a keen stamp-collector—concentrating

on the Antilles—is sleeked along by that most plausible of players, Charles Lloyd Pack. Need I go on to explain that a young man, masquerading as a ghost, is shot by a pair of comic executioners; that he becomes a ghost with full credentials; and that, in the last act, Isabel, caught (as it were) between life and death, is kept in this world by the strenuous efforts of the doctor as conductor of his own brand of symphony orchestra, containing all the small-town noises of every day? Let us pause for breath.



"AN INVENTIVE BALLET... WITH A VERDI SCORE ARRANGED BY CHARLES MACKERRAS, AND EXPRESSIVE DANCING BY KENNETH MACMILLAN, JOHAAR MOSAVAL AND PATRICIA MILLER": "THE LADY AND THE FOOL" (SADLER'S WELLS), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH LA CAPRICCIOSA (PATRICIA MILLER) IS LIFTED UP BY HER SUITORS, PETER WRIGHT, DAVID POOLE AND DAVID GILL.



"IN THE END I FOUND MYSELF RECALLING MOST HAPPILY AN ABSURD BURLESQUE OF A CABARET 'PRODUCTION NUMBER,' AND THE BORED ENDURANCE WITH WHICH DIANA DAUBENEY, IN THE SHEATH OF A LILY, WORE HER PREPOSTEROUS FLOWER-COSTUME. BUT THERE IS MORE IN THE PRODUCTION TO BOTHER AND BEWILDER THAN TO BEWITCH": "PAL JOEY" (PRINCES), SHOWING A SCENE DURING THE NUMBER "THE FLOWER GARDEN OF MY HEART."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"PAL JOEY" (Princes).—New York and London may be at odds over the importance, or otherwise, of this fourteen-year-old musical play. For all its American fame, it reaches us as a curiously unlovable piece. The libretto, based by John O'Hara on his own stories, is a raucous business, and Lorenz Hart has written wittier lyrics. Everything depends upon the agile dancing (led by Harold Lang) and upon Richard Rodgers's music: we have long known "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered." Carol Bruce, an excellent actress, does her best to reconcile us to the tough woman-of-the-world she plays with loyalty. (March 31.)

"THE LADY AND THE FOOL" (Sadler's Wells).—An inventive ballet (John Cranko's) of a beauty who loved a clown, with a Verdi score arranged by Charles Mackerras, and expressive dancing by Kenneth Macmillan, Johaar Mosaval and Patricia Miller. (March 31; seen April 2.)

"THE ENCHANTED" (Arts Theatre Club).—We are certainly enchanted. The reason, I think, is the easy charm with which Jean Giraudoux has composed his fantasy (a charm that Maurice Valency's translation has preserved). There are passages that might have been clogged and pompous, and are not. What we do remember is the flowering imagination in this tale of an enchanted town, the mock-phantom who becomes a ghost in earnest, the Inspector from the Ministry (Giraudoux laughs at officialdom), the Supervisor of Weights and Measures, and a girl who inquires into the after-life with so much innocent concentration. The play has a good deal of quiet wit. Such people as Valerie Hanson, Emrys Jones and Charles Lloyd Pack are in the vein right away; and John Fernald, the director, steers a difficult course with the most laudable tact. (April 1.)

Having said this, does it really make sense? Perhaps not—and I have not mentioned a very important figure, the Supervisor of Weights and Measures, who is acted by Emrys Jones, and who in the last act summons for us so magnificently romantic a picture of his official life, an official adventure, that it is all we can do to prevent ourselves from crossing the Channel and enlisting in the appropriate Ministry. Somehow it makes sense in the theatre. The translation by Maurice Valency has a gentle grace, and—how different from "Pal Joey"!—there is no one in the piece that we actively detest, even the busybodies or the barking Inspector from the Ministry. He is just a thick-head who no doubt thinks in triplicate. Richard Warner buffets him along properly; and indeed the Arts cast as a whole (under John Fernald), with Valerie Hanson as the dewy Isabel, sees to it that the enchantment is preserved until the last mad rally ends. It is not everybody's play. If you insist on going from A to C by way of B, it is certainly not. But few will object to a fantasy that, like Puck, is a wanderer of the night.

At times the Giraudoux invention has something of the quality of a verbal ballet. I kept reverting to it at Sadler's Wells when a new work, "The Lady and the Fool," was the core of a programme that began with the ghosts of "The Haunted Ballroom" and closed with the capers of "Façade." The new ballet, with John Cranko's choreography, and music by Verdi arranged by Charles Mackerras, stays in mind for the dancing of the clowns (Kenneth Macmillan and Johaar Mosaval) who are called, agreeably, Moondog and Bootface. It is resourceful and lively. Once more our affections are roused, not our distaste.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TO BE CLARENCEUX KING OF ARMS :
MR. A. G. B. RUSSELL.

It was announced on April 6 that Mr. Archibald George Blomefield Russell, Lancaster Herald since 1922, has been granted the office of Clarenceux King of Arms and Principal Herald to the South, East and West parts of England, following the death of Sir Arthur Cochrane. Mr. Russell, who is seventy-four, is an authority on William Blake.



NEW DEPUTY KEEPER OF THE RECORDS : MR. D. L. EVANS.

Mr. D. L. Evans, who succeeds Sir Hilary Jenkinson as Deputy Keeper of the Records, has been Principal Assistant Keeper at the Record Office since 1947. He is the Lecturer in Administrative History and Archives Administration at the School of Librarianship and Archives, University College, London.



A NEW LADY-IN-WAITING :
LADY MOYRA HAMILTON.

The Duchess of Kent has appointed Lady Moyra Hamilton, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, to be Lady-in-Waiting (temporary) to Princess Alexandra. The Duchess of Kent is due to visit Northern Ireland from May 27 to May 31, and will be accompanied by Princess Alexandra.



KILLED ON APRIL 3 : COLONEL ROZANOFF, FRENCH TEST PILOT.

Colonel Constantin Rozanoff, aged forty-eight, one of France's finest test pilots, was killed when the prototype *Mystère IVb* supersonic fighter, which he was demonstrating at Melun-Villaroche Airfield, crashed. Watching the demonstration was a British delegation, including Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Supply.



NEW JOCKEY CLUB STEWARD :
MAJOR-GEN. SIR R. G. FEILDEN.

Major-General Sir Randle G. Feilden, who has had a most distinguished military career, has become Senior Steward of the Jockey Club in succession to Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who has completed his term. The Jockey Club, supreme authority and governing body of the Turf, was formed as an association of noblemen and gentlemen in 1751.



LEAVING HOME TO PRESENT HIS "CARRY-ON" BUDGET : MR. R. A. BUTLER, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Mr. Butler posed in the customary way, holding up the traditional Gladstonian despatch-box, as he left his home for the House of Commons on April 6 to present what he called his "carry-on" Budget. No tax concessions were made, but the Chancellor hoped that later in the year "more radical measures" could be taken.



PAYING A STATE VISIT TO LONDON IN JUNE : THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

It was announced from Buckingham Palace on April 8 that the King and Queen of Sweden have accepted an invitation from the Queen to pay a State visit to London from Monday, June 28, until Thursday, July 1. This will be the first State visit of a head of State since the Queen's accession. King Gustav of Sweden succeeded to the Throne in 1950.



VISITING CASSINO ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS DESTRUCTION : PRESIDENT LUIGI EINAUDI OF ITALY (LEFT).

Cassino and the Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino received a visit from President Einaudi on April 4, ten years after the town's destruction in World War II. He inspected the restoration work which is still in progress and laid a wreath on the monument erected to the memory of Cassino's citizens who fell during the war.



WAVING HIS FIELD MARSHAL'S BATON AS THE QUEEN SAILS FROM FREMANTLE : SIR WILLIAM SLIM (LEFT).

H.M. the Queen was given a great send-off as she sailed from Fremantle on April 1 in *Gothic* at the end of her two-months tour of Australia. With Sir William Slim, Governor-General of Australia, were (l. to r.) Lady Slim, Sir Charles Gairdner, Governor of Western Australia, and Lady Gairdner.



NEW C.-IN-C., PORTSMOUTH :
ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE CREASY.

Admiral Sir George Creasy is to succeed Admiral Sir John Edelman as C.-in-C., Portsmouth, next September. Admiral Creasy will also become C.-in-C., Home Station, designate, and N.A.T.O. has announced that he will succeed Admiral Edelman as Allied C.-in-C., Channel Command. He has been C.-in-C., Home Fleet and Eastern Atlantic under N.A.T.O., since 1952.



PAYING HIS FIRST VISIT TO COPENHAGEN : HR. ASGEIR ASGEIRSSON, PRESIDENT OF ICELAND (LEFT), WITH KING FREDERIK.

President Asgeir Asgeirsson of Iceland, and his wife, arrived in Copenhagen on April 5, and after being received by King Frederik, drove together in an open coach to the Amalienborg Palace. This is the Icelandic President's first visit to the Danish capital, which for 500 years was also the capital of Iceland.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

SKYLARKS AND SEAGULLS.

By ALAN DENT.

NOT long ago on this page I came away with the opinion that the English studios had better stick to comedy, and that they flirted with the serious at their peril. Then along came "An Inspector Calls" to prove me wrong, or at least to provide a strikingly good exception to my rule.

This present week I have seen three English films which tend to support me in my old and shaken contention. "Doctor in the House" is a free-and-easy, happy and beautifully sustained light comedy about medical students in a London university and hospital. "Eight O'Clock Walk" is a deadly serious little drama about a young husband who is tried for the murder of a child and who, though innocent, is very nearly proved guilty through an all but unbelievable mesh of circumstantial evidence. The third film, "Conflict of Wings," is a betwixt-and-between affair about a Norfolk village rising up in protest at the Air Ministry's efforts to violate its bird-sanctuary. This is good when it is light-hearted, and not so good when it is serious or semi-symbolic.

In one sense I am probably the ideal film-critic for "Doctor in the House." I am probably not unique in having been a medical student (between the ages of sixteen and eighteen) who evolved gradually into a critic. But I stand alone in my record of failure in examinations! I was "ploughed" in botany three times over in what, in a Scottish university, are called degree exams. I was "ploughed," too, in chemistry with disgrace—achieving a mark for my written paper so low that I was not even given audience by the oral examiner. I passed the physics or natural philosophy examination through a fluke (which I really

deal of "Doctor in the House" is concerned with the agonies and panics of four medical students—delightfully played by Kenneth More and Dirk Bogarde, Donald Sinden and Donald Houston—who pass in none of their exams. with ease and who, more often, fail—though never quite as often as I did.

The script of this film has been adapted with airiness and frequent wit by Nicholas Phipps from

Old Bailey (or so I am assured); two, for the quite brilliant way in which the director, Lance Comfort, reveals that everyone in court—up to the Judge and down to the charwomen—has his or her own peculiar or workaday thoughts or worries over and above any thought or worry for the man under trial; and three, for Richard Attenborough's performance of this same young, unhappy man, which seems to me the finest and acutest thing he has ever done on screen or stage. He lets fear catch up on his innocence most compellingly.

Somehow I hesitate to approach those indignant Norfolk villagers in "Conflict of Wings." I know theirs is a real problem, and that with many citizens an urgent one. But the authors of the screen-play, Don Sharp and John Pudney, and its director, John Eldridge, really will have to be told—and doubtless have already been told—that if our sympathies are to be enlisted we really must be given the illusion that we are looking at and listening to real people, and not a number of more or less familiar actors speaking not very natural or revealing or urgent or convincing lines. The villagers are not, in short, clearly characterised, and we cannot therefore feel deeply at their being deprived of a local sanctuary for birds.

There is an unconscionable amount of the wrong sort of whimsy about one particular seagull called Perdita. This slaughters itself against the windscreen of the first 'plane to cross the sanctuary, and the splash is in gorgeous colour. Much more seriously, though, the colour of the Norfolk countryside is quite beautifully conveyed. There is a pretty little love-tale conducted by John Gregson and Muriel Pavlow. But the performance I liked most was



A FILM IN WHICH "THE COLOUR OF THE NORFOLK COUNTRYSIDE IS QUITE BEAUTIFULLY CONVEYED": "CONFLICT OF WINGS," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH THE VILLAGERS SCATTER OVER THE TARGET AREA OF THE ROCKET-FIRING RANGE AND SHOUT AND WAVE FRANTICALLY AS THE FIRST AIRCRAFT OF THE ATTACKING VAMPIRE SQUADRON SCREAMS LOW DOWN ON THEM.

Richard Gordon's popular and amusing novel, and the direction is by Ralph Thomas. The whole thing just sizzles along, and it is likely to make the many people who find jokes about bones unendurable, and pranks in hospital wards impermissible, relax and smile in spite of themselves and just for once in a way. The four young men have a busy but easy time of it, and the two young women in the case-book—Kay

Kendall and Muriel Pavlow—have comparatively little to do but look fetching.

But by far the most impressive and (to me, at least) funniest performance comes from James Robertson Justice as a professor of surgery. This is comic gravity at its grandest. I once came under a great surgeon who had exactly Mr. Justice's air of superlative authority, tempered with a sense of humour of the greatest dignity imaginable. And he used—as Mr. Justice does—surgeon's language. The word "nasty" simply meant "mending badly," and the word "beautiful" solely meant "mending well and quickly." My professor would gaze critically at a broken limb in one bed, suspended on pulleys and what not, and say almost angrily: "This is a silly and a nasty business!" Then he would turn to a broken limb in another bed that looked precisely the same to us, and exclaim: "Now this is what I call a beautiful leg!" Mr. Justice is this same great surgeon re-created in film terms. He is a walking statue to grave and practical

authority, and yet every hair in his beard curls and twinkles with wit and humanity.

The over-serious little film about the murderer mistaken, "Eight O'Clock Walk," fails because of an entirely unbelievable twist in the story which reveals the real culprit to the Counsel for the Defence during a break for tea just before the Judge's summing-up. But the film holds one's interest for three reasons—one, for the genuineness of the legal procedure at the



THE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE FOR POSSESSION OF AN AREA OF MARSHLAND BETWEEN A SMALL NORFOLK VILLAGE AND THE NEAR-BY R.A.F. JET FIGHTER STATION: "CONFLICT OF WINGS" (BRITISH LION), IN COLOUR FROM THE NOVEL BY DON SHARP, SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH THE R.A.F. PARTY SQUADRON LEADER PARSONS (KIERON MOORE); FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT EDWARDS (HAROLD SIDDONS) AND THE N.C.O. FIND THEY HAVE A SQUATTER, SOAPY (BARTLETT MULLINS), WHO CLAIMS HE HAS A RIGHT TO REMAIN IN THE TARGET AREA.

must reserve for my autobiography, if I ever write one). But I was a cretin at zoology (apart from a languid interest in parasitic worms), and a moron at the all-important study of anatomy, in which I spent two terms of ten weeks each, utterly without distinction, and before abandoning medicine at a still tender age, and turning to the fine arts, and foreign languages, and more congenial courses altogether. The reader will bear with all this, I hope, when I impart that a great



"A FREE-AND-EASY, HAPPY AND BEAUTIFULLY-SUSTAINED LIGHT COMEDY ABOUT MEDICAL STUDENTS IN A LONDON UNIVERSITY AND HOSPITAL": "A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE" (J. ARTHUR RANK), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH GRIMSDYKE (KENNETH MORE) GLEEFULLY EXPOSES HIS CHEMICAL-BESPAATTERED WAISTCOAT TO AN ADMIRING GROUP OF MEDICAL STUDENTS, INCLUDING SIMON (DIRK BOGARDE) AND "TAFFY" EVANS (DONALD HOUSTON). HE HAS DELIBERATELY RUINED AN EXPERIMENT SO AS TO JEOPARDISE HIS CHANCES OF PASSING AN EXAM.

that of William Mervyn as a worried bureaucrat who had to cope with the problem of the Air Ministry *versus* the Norfolk wildfowl from a desk-chair in Whitehall. It should really have been dealt with by a colleague called Jessop, who had inconsiderately gone off on vacation. And Mr. Mervyn primly and formally trying to resolve the Conflict of Wings with the iterated phrase "It's really Jessop's pigeon, not mine!" struck me as being both verisimilar and very funny indeed.

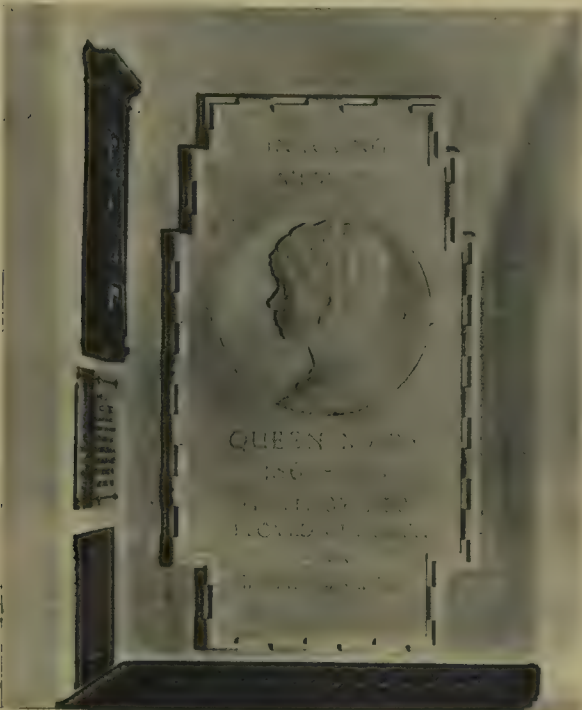
INCLUDING EXHIBITIONS: ANTIQUITIES AND WORKS OF ART IN THE NEWS.



"CASTEL' IL TREBBIO, CAFAGGIOLO"; BY SIGNORA MARJORIE SCARETTI. EXHIBITED AT HER ONE-WOMAN SHOW IN AID OF THE ITALIAN HOSPITAL IN LONDON.
An exhibition of Drawings of Rome, and Flower Pieces, by Signora Marjorie Scaretti, was held at Colnaghi's Galleries from March 31 to April 14, in aid of the Italian Hospital, Queen Square, London, founded in 1885. Signora Scaretti, who is the wife of an Italian banker, and the sister of Sir Gladwyn



"PIAZZA NAVONA, LOOKING NORTH, WITH CASA SCARETTI [BACKGROUND R.]"; BY SIGNORA MARJORIE SCARETTI, SHOWN AT HER EXHIBITION, IN AID OF THE ITALIAN HOSPITAL. Jebb, has held exhibitions of her work in Rome in aid of the Italian Red Cross, English Hospital in Rome and Italian Hospital in London; but the recent exhibition was her first in London. She studied at the Chelsea Polytechnic, and at Munich, and with Kathrine Kinsella, a pupil of Whistler.



DEDICATED ON APRIL 4: THE SANDRINGHAM CHURCH MEMORIAL TABLET TO QUEEN MARY.
The Sandringham Church Memorial Tablet to Queen Mary, designed by Sir William Reid Dick, is inscribed: "In Loving Memory, Queen Mary, 1867-1953, given by her beloved children and grandchildren."



RETURNED TO ITALY FROM GERMANY: WORKS OF ART BEING CHECKED BY AN OFFICIAL IN ROME.
Works of art, illegally carried away or purchased by Nazis during the War, have been returned to Italy by the German authorities. They are being checked and catalogued before being exhibited.



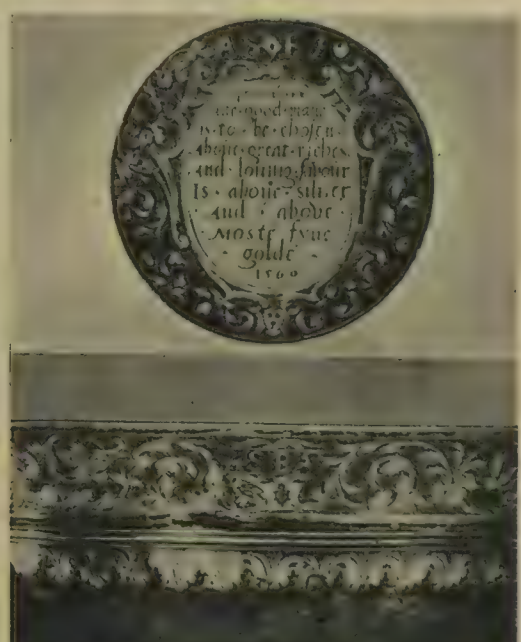
PICKED UP OFF THE GOODWINS AND BROUGHT TO HARWICH: AN ANCIENT 7-FT.-LONG ANCHOR.
This 7-ft.-long anchor picked up by a vessel off the Goodwins is described as being of a type identical with those carried by the sixteenth-century Spanish galleons. It may be an Armada relic.



"THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM," A PAPER MOSAIC BY HARRY CLARKE, SHOWN AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND ART SOCIETY EXHIBITION (DETAIL).
The exhibits at the Bank of England Art Society's sixth post-war exhibition at Guildhall, which was opened by the Governor of the Bank of England, included Mr. Harry Clarke's 12 ft. by 4 ft. mosaic in paper of "The Entry into Jerusalem." It has taken him ten months so far, and will require another six to complete.



NOT TO LEAVE THIS COUNTRY: THE GALLOWAY MAZER; BY JAMES GRAY, OF THE CANONGATE, 1569.
The Galloway Mazer, sold at Sotheby's on February 25 for £11,000 and illustrated in our issue of March 6, has been refused an export licence; and will be purchased for the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland with the aid of contributions offered; and a special purchase grant for which Parliament is being invited to vote.



THE GALLOWAY MAZER, REFUSED AN EXPORT LICENCE: DETAIL OF PRINT AND RIM-MOUNT.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ONE doesn't like to say of an established figure that he has gone sharply downhill. If he is getting old, of course, it ought not to be said in public. But Mr. J. B. Priestley has not this title to reserve; and "The Magicians" (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.) is no casual slip. Such are the tales of his Enlightenment—and they reflect not failing power, but an ineffable superiority. Briefly, they are the kind he now thinks good enough. And if we don't agree, if we conclude that for a novelist enlightenment is the wrong horse, why should he mind? Fiction was never his best gift; and a redeeming creed ought to be more preoccupying than a mere story. Anyhow, we shall go on reading him; and that, to any novelist or gossip, is the main point.

His *alter ego* in this story, Sir Charles Ravenstreet, is fifty-five years old, rich, eminent—and, as he suddenly discovers, a dead man. He has been squeezed out of the management of his old firm, because the firm is equally defunct; once they could use an engineer, now an accountant takes his place. Which is all thoroughly in the new mode, rattling included. Says one big, genial old rat: "I don't like anything that happens now." Neither does Ravenstreet; neither does anyone throughout the book. Except the villain, to be sure—and he, to put it simply, is the devil's front. This unanimity of tone could not occur in a *real* story; it is all Ravenstreet refracted. But the account of his *accidie* is the real stuff. While other suffering automata are being fobbed off with "parlour games on television" and the like delights, he is perched high and dry, between a phantom, technicolor life and the dark infinite of dissolution. Pleasures are stale, flat and unprofitable. People are dummies, endlessly going through their parts. . . .

It is at this stage that Lord Mervil offers him a new career. An angry little research chemist has hit upon a drug which will stop worry, yet is innocuous to health. Just what the masses would adore; and Ravenstreet can take on the production side. Though Mervil somehow gets him down, he is half-minded to accept, when he falls in with the three magi. Needless to say, these ancient gentlemen are prophets of Recurring Time. After a little token incredulity, and two short plunges into "time alive," Ravenstreet is converted from "tick-tock"; Mervil gets rather fruitlessly exposed, the chemist smashes himself up, and the magicians melt into thin air. And for our hero there is "somethings nice" as a conversion-bonus.

Just on the face of it, one could say plenty about "time alive." But, after all, this is a story. So let us treat it as a story—and it at once appears that the magicians are a total loss. As for their talk, here is fat Perpereck on woman-chasing: "Very dangerous. Woman has old powers from Earth—suddenly perhaps she punish—very bad." Yes, really very bad. And yet one must be fair; in the old days, when Mr. Priestley took some trouble with his storytelling, I doubt if he pulled anything as genuine out of the sack as Ravenstreet's black bile, and denigration of the *Zeitgeist*. Though, to be sure, he gets the age inextricably muddled with the human lot.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Climate of Courage," by Jon Cleary (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is about vulgar men, who enjoy life without the prospect of another go; who have some cause to hate the times, but don't appear to; and who just naturally like each other, which *The Magicians* tells us has gone out. Perhaps the age is different in Australia; or perhaps their age makes the difference. For they are wartime soldiers, just home from the Middle East. They have returned, incredibly, to an Australia threatened with invasion; and the years abroad, and the invisible, impending foe, give them a keener sense of their own world. But, above all, they have returned home to their private lives. Of the three friends from Sydney, Vern Radcliffe and Sergeants Morley and Savanna, Vern is the lucky one; his life with Dinah, the ex-chorus girl, and their two children is without a flaw. The tough, intractable Savanna has no sweetheart; he was scared out of loving by his mother's treachery, his father's suicide. But this time he feels lonely, and his hour has come. As it has come for Greg Morley, V.C., though in another way. Greg is the charming irresponsible, always in scrapes, counting on everyone for succour. Marriage can't stop him "playing around"; but he adores his wife. And now she says it is all over. Which is a shock unparalleled—but, for that very reason, may be just the thing.

Vern's secret worry is about his fitness for command. He has been made an officer; but could he really stand on his own feet? This doubt is settled in New Guinea, on a lost patrol, through weeks of unimaginable hardship. It is a nightmare, and yet touching epilogue; and the whole book is full of sympathy and interest, and amusing too.

"Jorkens Borrows Another Whiskey," by Lord Dunsany (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), can be more easily imagined than described: since now we all know Jorkens and his club, and his astounding tales, and his quiet eagerness for lubrication. To the peculiar things that he has done in Africa, or stumbled on in the Home Counties, there is apparently no end. Though there is some slight tendency to duplicate. He has acquired one or two *idées fixes*: on cricket, for example, and the Devil's usefulness to a bad bowler, and on the docking of dogs' tails. As for the latest wonderful invention—there he can cut and come again. And there are gods and ghosts, and hours in the Ouled Nail. . . . Jorkens' tall stories avoid the usual rock of plausibility by never getting within sight of it; they have a climate all their own. One tale seems little better than another; what one succumbs to is their common gait, at once original and soothing.

"Death in the Fifth Position," by Edgar Box (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), features a New York ballet company, with a suspected Communist as choreographer. Peter, who tells the story, is its "relations man"; and on the first night of *Eclipse* he is prepared for trouble, but not murder. But there is murder in the air; and a cut cable plunges the starring dancer to her death. It is a close, ingenious problem; and in a way it is good fun. Yet I felt homesick for *A Bullet in the Ballet*. This tale has no such lunacy or grace; it is flip, slick and bitterly sophisticated.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AN ARBITER OF EUROPE.

AT the moments when he was facing the fierce and usually misinformed criticism of his contemporaries, Metternich was fond of repeating that he was prepared to leave his reputation to history. "Few men have understood me, and few understand me now. I am sure that writers a hundred years hence will judge me very differently from those of to-day." I am not sure, however, that he would have been as content to leave it in the not very expert hands of a historian, M. Constantin de Grunwald, the author of "Metternich" (Falcon; 21s.). M. de Grunwald is apparently a White Russian, but from the heaviness of his style, which is lit only from time to time by the reprehensible slang of his translator, one would have suspected a Teuton. Metternich was, I suppose, with his great contemporaries at the Congress of Vienna—our own Lord Castlereagh, and the adroit Talleyrand—

primus inter pares among the giants who overthrew Napoleon and made the system which spared Europe general war for longer than any period in her history. Metternich may have been cynical. His methods to achieve the great ends of stability, order and peace, from the pursuit of which he never wavered, may sometimes have been reprehensible. One thing, however, he can never have been—in spite of his contemporary enemies, who thought him over-talkative—and that was a bore. And that, alas! is what M. de Grunwald makes him. It may, of course, be something to do with the translation, which is, as I say, of a dullness horribly relieved from time to time by such examples of Americanised skittishness as the description of his meeting with the Carbonari leader, Count Confalonieri, in Police Headquarters in Vienna. "If only," runs this deplorable sentence, "Confalonieri could be induced to squeal—the whole thing could be cleared up in a jiffy." This, I submit, is less the language of Cleo than that of the comic strip—crossed with the *Girls' Own Paper*. Nevertheless, this book is a valuable addition to students of the period, who, alas, did not include Mr. Lloyd George at the Versailles Conference among their number. M. de Grunwald has produced some interesting new material, and his general judgment of Metternich and his policy is balanced and fair. I have a bookshelf consisting entirely of works dealing with the period of the Concert of Europe, and with all its faults, this new "Metternich" must be added to it. I think, however, I shall put it as far away from Metternich's own memoirs as possible.

Happily, Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, that doyen of English writers, is still with us, and has produced for our delight his hundredth book in his ninety-third year. This is "Quests" (Seeley Service; 12s. 6d.). The quests concerned are those things which have given him most pleasure in his long life. It is a charming, cosy tale, which starts with his collection of butterflies and birds' eggs, which are described in a way which sent the reviewer back many years in time to his first killing bottle, made of crushed laurel leaves, and to the dreadful day when he, too, fell out of a tree with an egg in his mouth. He continues through his early manhood in California to the excitements of collecting porcelain, old glass and furniture. These chapters might well serve as a *point d'appui* for any young collector about to embark on these delightful but financially dangerous adventures. But it is not merely inanimate objects which Mr. Vachell has collected for our pleasure. The book is lively with anecdotes, and lightened throughout by his clear and bright capacity for friendship.

Although he covers so wide a field, there is here no padding. Mr. Vachell's style has a sort of elegant jerkiness rather like a machine-gun turned into a water-pistol, spraying the château-bottled claret he loves so well. Indeed, of all his chapters, the one I like best is that entitled "Bottle Luck." Here is the answer to the killjoys, and, incidentally, to those who believe that wine is a mocker and liable to shorten life. "Happily," writes nonagenarian Mr. Vachell, "as a young man I never confounded good living with gourmandising. A gourmet is never a glutton. Good living is high living; gluttony is low living."

It is with reluctance that I put down this pleasing book, with its charm and its modesty. (Who could fail to be delighted by so youthful a book in which the author, however, suddenly interpolates: "I am bleating like an aged goat on a bleak, barren hillside"?) Mr. Vachell suggests that this may be his last book. I most sincerely hope that he is wrong.

A little while ago I reviewed Mr. Max Manus's exciting story of underwater sabotage against the Germans in Norway. It was a story of great heroism, told with great modesty. An equally remarkable book, which should be read in conjunction with it, is "Skis against the Atom," by Captain Knut Haukelid (Kimber; 15s.). Captain Haukelid commanded a party of Norwegian parachutist saboteurs, whose task it was to destroy the heavy-water plant operated by the Germans at Rjukan. The story of how, with his companions, he lived for months on the barren mountains of the Hardanger Vidda is one of remarkable endurance. This provides the background. The further story of how, with a handful of men, they severely damaged the heavy-water plant, and later succeeded in sinking the ferry on which the remaining stocks of heavy water were being taken to Germany, is one of pure excitement from start to finish. It is also something more. But for the activities of Captain Haukelid and his companions, the Germans might well have beaten us in the race for the atom bomb, and the issue of the war might have been very different. Like Mr. Max Manus's book, it is written with the modesty which graces and distinguishes the brave, and the photographs with which it is copiously illustrated, taken, presumably, while they were on operations, constitute not the least remarkable part of this remarkable book.

Another adventure story, this time a civilian one, is "On Top of the World," by Patricia Petzoldt (Collins; 15s.). It is the tale of two adventurous young mountaineers, whose zest for climbing has taken them from the difficult climbs of the Tetons Mountains of Wyoming to the great peaks of the Himalaya. Those who are ardent climbers will find the book interesting from the technical point of view, while the ordinary reader will be drawn by the unaffected zest with which Mrs. Petzoldt describes their adventures.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

"DON'T drudge!" was one of the two precious pieces of advice which, according to Viscount Samuel in a recent broadcast, his father gave him at the outset of his career. However well or badly it may have served Lord Samuel, it is an excellent maxim for chess-players. Switch your attention right away from the game for a moment or two whenever you feel you have been concentrating too hard—and a few other times as well—and you will play far better for it!

That great chess writer of the 1890's, James Mason, wrote deliciously of "the power of desultory attention." Nearly a century before, Labourdonnais, playing his famous series of games against MacDonnell, "during the play swore, gesticulated and burst into snatches of song. . . . He won"—so Purdy tells us, with sly humour.

There is no need to take insouciance quite so far. Or to imitate Capablanca, who, when at the height of his fame, used to infuriate by not only leaving the board between his turns to play—a common practice among the masters—but would frequently not bother to sit down again to make his move; would saunter up, gaze at the position standing for a moment, play and saunter away again, for all the world as if he were giving a simultaneous display against a lot of rabbits, instead of facing an opponent of perhaps considerable local fame.

There is certainly no need to be quite so irrational as Reshevsky, who will sit silent and still, of all the masters I know the nearest to a graven image, for four-and-a-half hours, whilst he falls further and further behind his time on his clock, then finally, when he has drifted into appalling time trouble and must by the laws make perhaps fifteen moves in two or three minutes or automatically forfeit the game, arise and stroll round calmly for the first time—even though he knows now that even the few seconds required to return to his seat, when his opponent does move, may eventually spell defeat.

But do make up your mind to get away from it occasionally!

A club-chess-only player is often offended if his opponent wanders from his seat whilst awaiting his move. (Some chess club quarters are so cramped and overcrowded that it causes a major upheaval to do this more often than once or twice in an evening!) Such players have quite an eye-opening when they become spectators, for the first time, at an important master tournament. Players whose names are world-famous, stroll among the tables chatting amiably as if it were Plymouth Hoe or the Barcelona Rambla on a Sunday evening! Their reversion to steel-cold concentration when they do return to their games is striking—and it is all the more steel-cold for the temporary relaxation of tension.

The fact is that the human mind is the most irrational of machines. At chess, as in other things, you can perceive eternity in a flash or, conversely, you can drudge yourself into stupidity. I have won games lasting several hours as a result of one little combination which I saw, in its entirety, in a fraction of a second. I once took some writing work along with me which had to be done at all costs within the first half-hour in which I had also to play an important game of chess. I muttered a word of apology, gave most of my attention to the work, making ten or twelve moves with scant attention to the chess. The job done, I had time at last to survey the game in earnest. I had attained an excellent position. "Now," I thought, "I can and must take this game more seriously." I made myself concentrate more deeply and have a really good look at the position this time. I did so—then made one of the most imbecile moves of my lifetime.

in sinking the ferry on which the remaining stocks of heavy water were being taken to Germany, is one of pure excitement from start to finish. It is also something more. But for the activities of Captain Haukelid and his companions, the Germans might well have beaten us in the race for the atom bomb, and the issue of the war might have been very different. Like Mr. Max Manus's book, it is written with the modesty which graces and distinguishes the brave, and the photographs with which it is copiously illustrated, taken, presumably, while they were on operations, constitute not the least remarkable part of this remarkable book.

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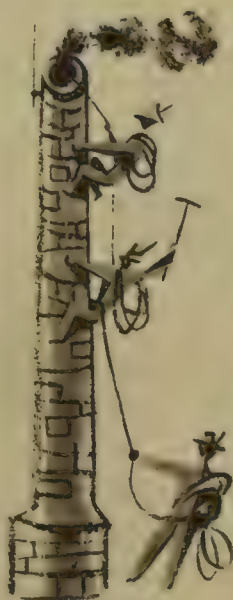
E. D. O'BRIEN.



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difficult yet pointless Plinge-plonge, or Underwater Ping-pong. Though they lost their singles against the Latvians, our boys nearly won a game in the doubles and show real promise at this testing sport.

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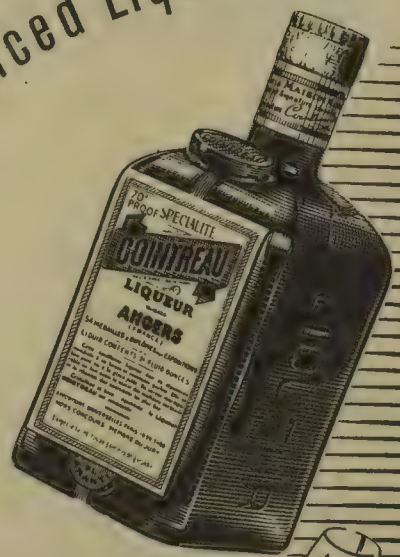
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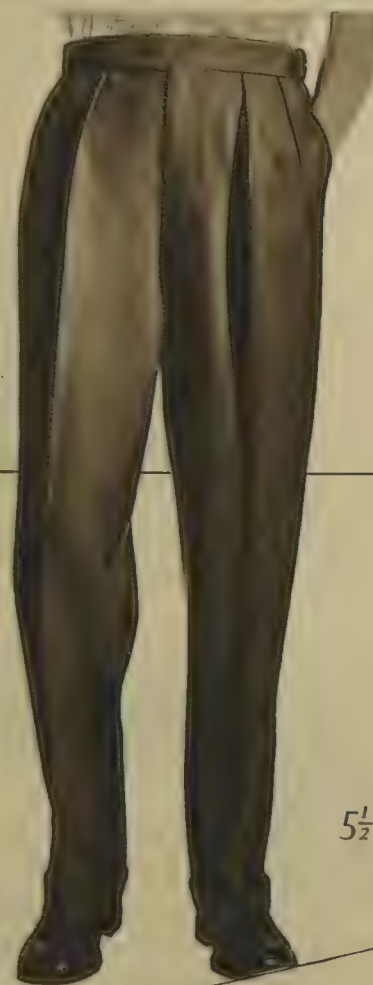
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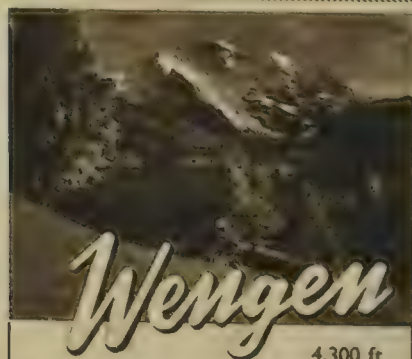
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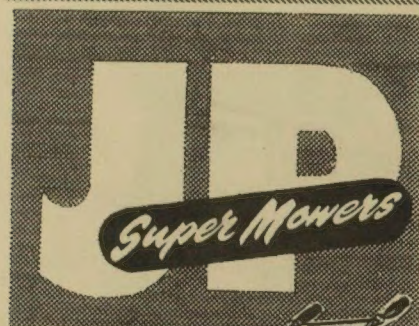
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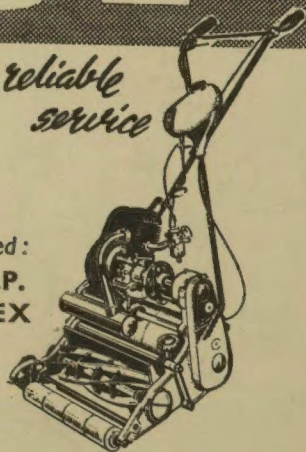
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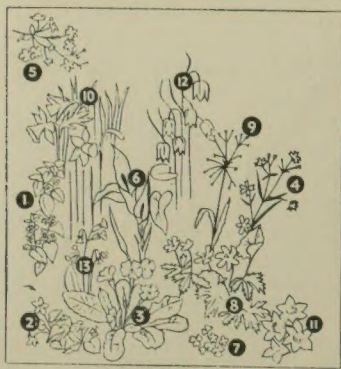


DRY

MARTINI

SHELLGUIDE to *APRIL* lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



FLOWERS are waking up. On the banks, in April sunshine, you find (1) *White Dead-nettles*, sometimes called *Adam-and-Eve-in-the-bower* from the black and gold stamens which lie side by side, (2) *Dog Violets*, or *Blue Mice*, (3) *Primroses*, and (4) *Greater Stitchwort*. Picking this last innocent plant was held to bring thunder: it belonged to adders, pixies and the devil. (5) *Wild Cherries* are now in blossom, and woodland flowers do well before the leaf canopy excludes the light; hooded (6) *Lords-and-Ladies*, leaves green as malachite. (7) *Wood Sorrel*, (8) *Wood Anemones*, with their faint bitter smell, (9) the pretty *Wood Rush*, known as *Chimney-Sweeper*, and (10) *Lent Lilies*, or *Wild Daffodils*. Scarce on chalk or limestone, (11) the *Pasque Flower*, i.e. *Easter flower*, opens petals so startling it was thought to grow from human blood. Thames-side meadows turn purple with (12) *Fritillaries*, or *Weeping Widows*, growing above (13) *Cowslips*. In the Middle Ages, the trembling of Cowslips made them a medicine for palsy; we use them for the best of country wines and for tistytosties or cowslip balls.

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